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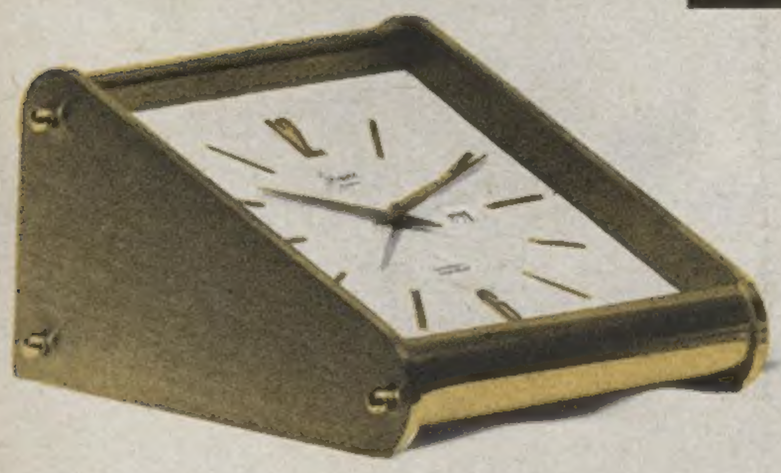
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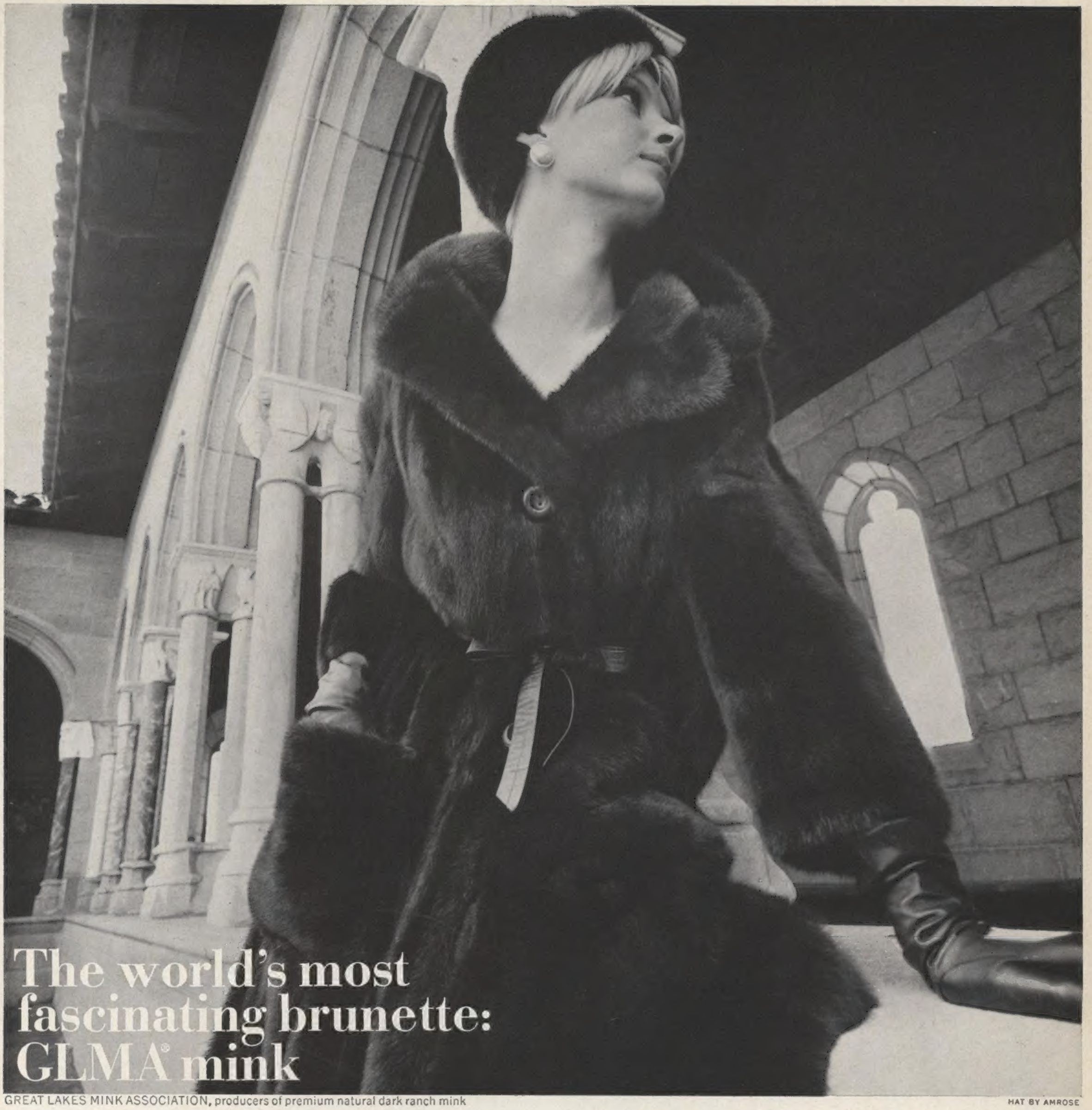


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NOVEMBER 15, 1964

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VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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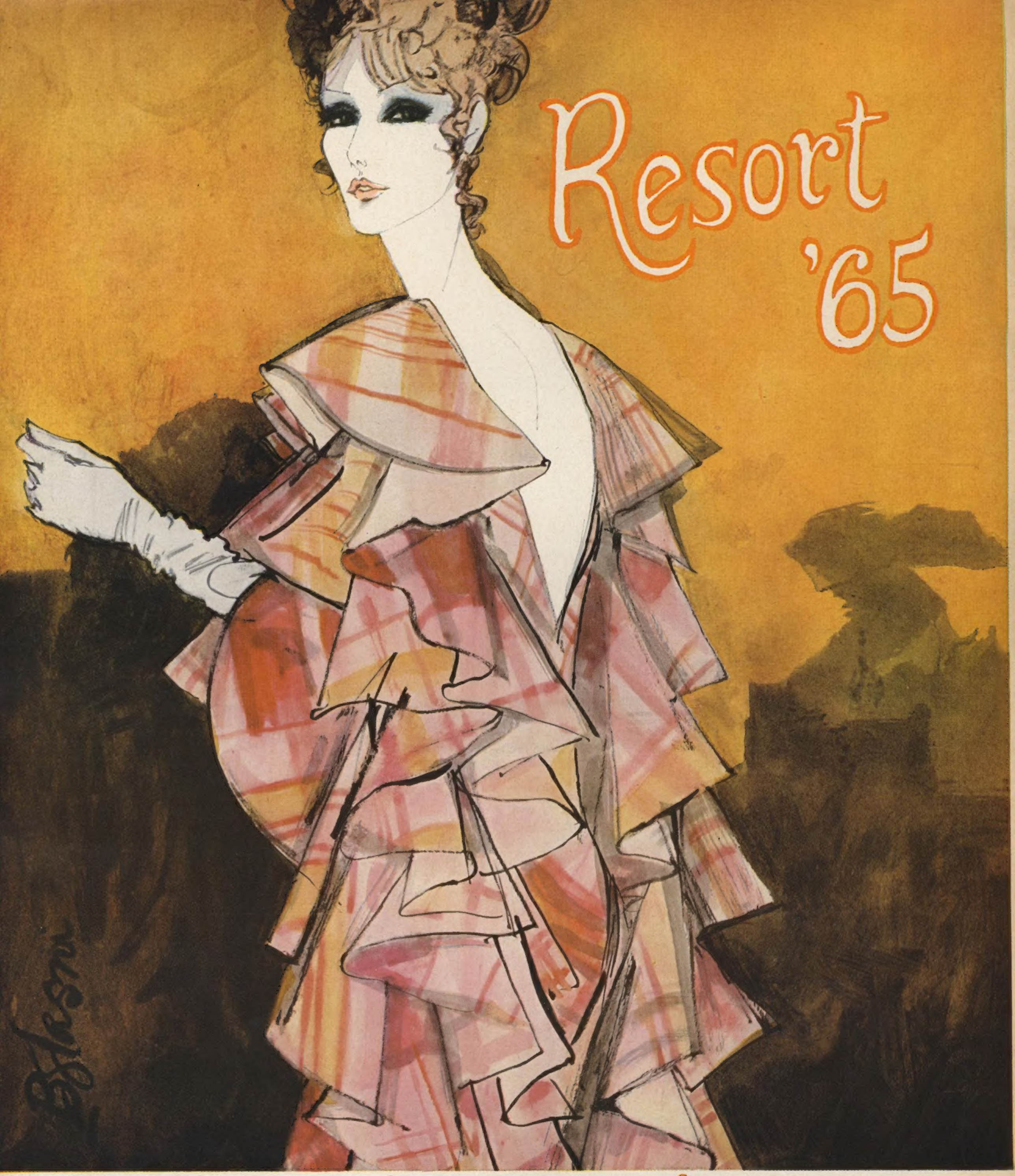


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travel

BY KATE SIMON

DALMATIAN MONTAGE—"*a bit loony on sea, sun . . .*"

Yachting southward from Piran, just across the Yugoslavian border from Trieste, luxuriously indulged by man and nature: hand-fed by a radiant alchemist of a cook; piloted by a sun-bleached, stocky captain who illusions himself, hat sitting on his undistinguished head at an adventurer's angle, as the "Lupo di Mare" (Sea Wolf). For ornament, there is the mate, an agile young narcissist whose ritual at his own altar is to pose precariously on a rail—a god etched on the glowing sky—for all the girls on all the waterfronts to worship.

Cosseted in all senses (infected by the Yugoslavian need to sing, we sing, too) we sail through honeyed days in the unstinting Adriatic sun, swimming in the stained-glass blues—Prussian, cobalt, ultramarine—of the sea, nothing to do but enjoy the I.Q. dropping, the serenity deepening, and watching the creamy old towns draw their walls, like magic cloaks pulled from the sea, around their little Venetian palaces. Poreč's glistening, hieratic mosaics; Trogir's magnificent cathedral portals supported by a terrified Gothic Adam and Eve; the noble squares of Zadar; the pines and scented grasses and towers of Rab, Korčula's regal stride from the sea—all hint and promise the fantasy of Dubrovnik, enchanting scenery for an opera Offenbach forgot to write.

Beyond the moon-flooded old walls, the tapestries of interwoven scents, beyond balconied stone houses studded with crests, and sea-walks crowded with scrubbed children as round and shiny as Christmas ornaments, hide the empty islands and the near-abandoned islands faded out of past importance. Osor, once a large, busy Roman port, now shelters a sparse number of the extremes of generations. Politely-dressed old people emerge from houses too big for them to examine gardens too small for the houses. From a hill above the gardens come the buzz and lilt of children's voices, spilling out of a summer camp and down to a cove where bikini-ed adolescents turn and bob like golden fruit in the blue, blue sea.

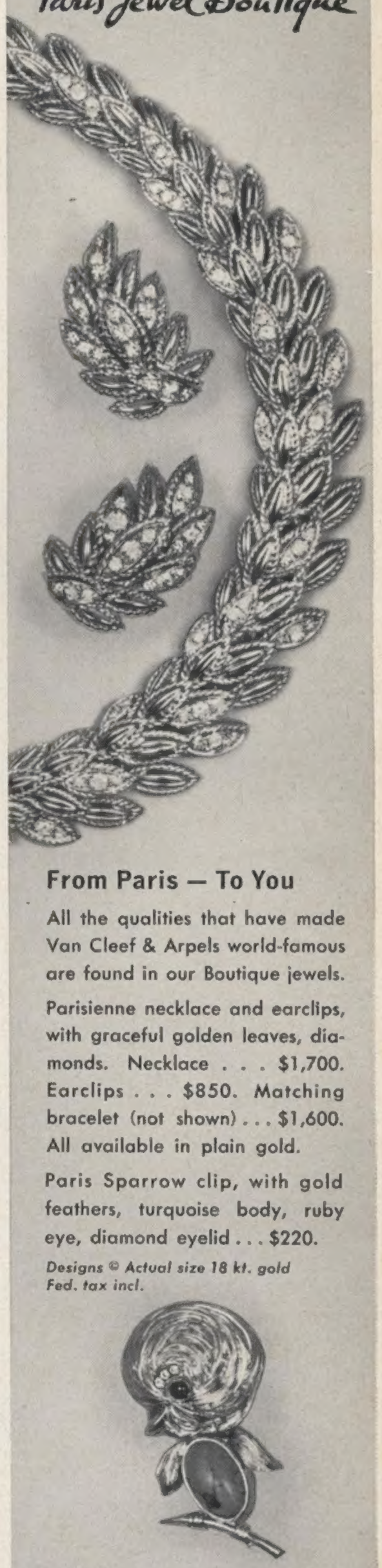
Sušak is where, when you're in Osor or Lošinj and you want some local wine, you go through narrow streets to the house of Maria, reputedly the best maker of wines. And while the wine decants into assorted bottles, Maria shows around photos of a wholesale Sušak wedding, when the plain town blazes with feasting and dancing and the several brides, hair curled elaborately and festooned with bright combs, beam and pirouette like animated Kewpie dolls.

Zlarin, at five A.M., roars with voices of women shouting and shoving in the waterfront fish market and curt commands lashed out at sleepy sailors. An hour later, Zlarin retreats to its habitual, lovely somnolence. An old woman leads and is led by a stubborn old sheep. At the water's edge two old ladies scrub yellow masses of wool in the unprotesting sea. Inland, a wall of poplars shelters a picture-book nunnery of neat gardens, fat geese, and white nuns clearing the weeds in a graveyard. The town then winds itself up to flights of stairs and steep paths which meet at minute empty plazas, then drop and expand to tomato fields, and sunflowers shading babies peering out of empty wine kegs.

One sole fault: A bit loony on sea, sun, and loveliness and large with Olympic serenity, one insists, confidently, that time stop. Astonishingly, it doesn't, not even on this magicked coast.

An issue of Wonders
December Vogue

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Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 170



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from across the seas...11 glamorous ways to say Happy Holidays



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CHRISTMAS: THE PRESENT IDEA

We wish some towering scientific brain would tackle the problem of the Christmas Space-Time Continuum, or, What Happens to Time Before Christmas. One minute there's plenty, the next minute none—it has faded into thin air, like the Cheshire Cat's smile. . . . Before that happens, a fast roundup of ideas:

What red-blooded American home wouldn't like a flag, to put out on holidays and other gala occasions? (Children adore the raising and lowering ceremonies, however, impromptu.) . . . From The Fife & Drum, P. O. Box 76, Valley Forge, Pa., one can have a thirteen-star Betsy Ross version, which can still be flown with perfect propriety; $14.75, complete with pole and holder. The Fife & Drum also offers a 50-star flag, complete, for $12.25. . . . Both, postpaid.

A partridge in a pear tree is fairly hard to come by, but you might shop now for a marvellous antique birdcage (many decorators have them), and present it at Christmas with a live, and beautiful, occupant, or a pair of them—perhaps a pair of Lady Gould finches, from Australia. . . . For a friend with one of the new ultra-luxurious bathrooms, a well-stocked aquarium to go in it.

Or, for a woman who prefers flora and fauna in jewel form, you might have a really personal jewel designed and made by Mary Kruming (30 East Sixty-Second Street), embodying some special liking or whim of the recipient. . . . You can also make a jewellery buff's eyes gleam by giving her the splendidly-illustrated book, *Crown Jewels of Europe;* about $60.

For the person, or people, you went with to the great Japanese print show in New York this autumn—how about *The Modern Japanese Print: An Appreciation,* by James A. Michener. The book, in a limited edition, is a sort of art exhibit in itself, at $150. . . . Also from modern Japan, a groovy idea: the tiny Fujiya portable record-player that runs on batteries, measures a bonsai-sized 7" by 8½", costs about $30, plays with astounding efficiency.

Something new to play on it? Columbia is putting out original-cast recordings of *My Fair Lady* done in Hebrew, Italian, or Portuguese; mono $4.98, stereo $5.98. . . . Caedmon Records has a new project called the Theatre Recording Society—entire plays recorded by magnificent casts. The first album is Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie,* with Julie Harris, Montgomery Clift, Jessica Tandy, and David Wayne; the second, *Medea,* starring Dame Judith Anderson. Next comes *Uncle Vanya,* with Sir Laurence Olivier. . . . $12.90 for a two-record album, which the first two are; later plays may run longer.

An all-bird cast—8,580 species—flits through the tremendous new book, *The World of Birds,* by James Fisher and the unrivalled Roger Tory Peterson; among its wonders are 668 full-colour paintings of birds, 96 pages of maps showing distribution of bird families and migrations (some migrants fly as far as 11,000 miles). . . . Published by Doubleday, $22.95.

Small-but-delicious presents: pomander balls—dried oranges saturated in fragrant oils and studded with cloves, to hang in closets, stash in linen chests. The Lighthouse, 521 Madison Avenue, will provide them at $1.75 each. . . . The pomander balls made by Rigaud, the perfumers, have a liberal waft of Un Air Embaumé added to the basic oils and spices; at Bloomingdale's.

And, speaking of spices: *The Spice Cookbook* is undoubtedly

(Continued on page 36)

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That great, big, dominant male of yours is really a babe in the wools when it comes to selecting his own clothing. Remember . . . fashion is to man a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. Help him see himself through *your* eyes. Give him a vigorous shove in the right selection. Take him to an authorized 'Botany' 500 dealer. Help him pick his total wardrobe from the variety of models, tailored with the dedicated Daroff Personal Touch. You can pick the right suit, the right outercoat, the right sport coat and slacks in the models that make him the "most"...Natural Gentleman, Classic, Forward Fashion. Your 'Botany' 500 dealer has them all. And you can use your fashion and fabric know-how to make him a well-groomed groom. A man's best friend is his shover —so give him a push! Don't wait for him to ask, *tell* him, and go along! After all, this *is* Leap Year. Suits from $75.00 to $100.00, Outercoats from $69.95 to $129.50, Sport Coats from $39.95 to $75.00, Slacks from $17.95 to $22.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) To send for your free booklet, "The Personal Touch", and the name of your nearby dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) **Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.**

'BOTANY' 500®

TAILORED BY **DAROFF**

WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH TO SUIT YOUR PERSONAL TASTE

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots? *

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



LOOKING OVER THE BEAGLES, LITTLE RISSINGTON, ENGLAND.

* We English.

The Scots distill Haig—
we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.
(at Christmas, too.)

GIFT WRAPPED BY HAIG





ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER • ROTH

Perma·lift knows what it means to be a woman.

It's a hundred little interruptions every day. It's wanting to look lovely for a very special evening and scarcely having time to dress. Knowing this, Perma·lift® created "Down to There," a new kind of plunge bra that lifts, molds, hugs and holds under the barest of necklines. Its pre-shaped, lightly underwired cups have a filmy covering of point d'sprit. The sides are elasticized with Blue "C"® spandex. See "Down to There" by Perma·lift soon. In white or black, just $5.95.

Perma lift



The most beautiful things are said by Candle Light.

And Elizabeth Arden catches in her fingertips that quixotic radiance and flame and glow of a flickering candle. Who else could hold a flame in the palm of her hand and capture its flattering, romantic warmth for a lip shade and a transplendent nail lacquer? It's not like any shade you've ever worn before. Wear Elizabeth Arden's most capricious and romantic colors and see how beautiful things are said by Candle Light. 4 lip shades, 4 nail lacquers and 1 undercoat in the new Candle Light series.

Elizabeth Arden

© 1964 ELIZABETH ARDEN



Marked for greatness

This elegant suit with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Excellence. In design, detail, tailoring. That's what you get when a designer *cares*. In fabric, you get the world's best. Pure wool. Supple, graceful, shape-keeping wool. Designers of distinction are proud to wear the mark, created by the Wool Bureau, given only to fashions made of the world's best pure wool. Look for the wool mark. Wherever you find it, you find devotion to excellence. Dalton tailors this superb little suit in fine gauge double knit wool for elegance anywhere. Pale powder blue, campus red, mauve pink, green apple, citron in sizes 8-18. About $60. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017, N. Y.

This mark was created by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
It is awarded to quality products made of the world's best pure wool.



Bedtime Perfume . **What will Fabergé dream up next?**

Sleep in something beautiful tonight – **Bedtime Perfume.** Wrap yourself in this potent potion that needs only your body warmth to make you glow in the dark – or day, if you're daring!

Bedtime Perfume is the heart of the fragrance – diluted by neither oil nor alcohol – scientifically compounded to 'bloom' at 98.6° or more. If you can't generate a little electricity of your own to set it off, forget it!

This bewitching new perfume to sleep by, waiting to be lit by you, may be had only in **Aphrodisia**...**Woodhue**... **Flambeau**...or wild, wild **Tigress.** There's never been anything – ever – like **Bedtime Perfume** by Fabergé

DASHING, POSITIVELY



Every style captures
the magic of *My Fair Lady*.
That name is right on every shirt...
and Lady Arrow is the only
maker privileged to use it.
And for the first time, Lady Arrow
designs a line of skirts to go
with a blouse collection.
Ripping, absolutely gripping!

Shirts: sizes 10 to 18, about $7 to $15.
Skirts: sizes 8 to 18, about $11 to $18.

LADY ARROW

Prices slightly higher in the West. Lady Arrow, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

SMASHING!





A gown that's all pleats, slimness and grace. It goes on over the head, and sashes (or not) demurely at the waist.
Kayser calls it "The Venus Gown" after someone who made this look famous.

The look made her famous.
How about you? In nylon tricot, with the merest suggestion of lace:
white, black, wisteria, or lacquer red. Small, Medium, or Large. $16.95.



Leave a bedroom without a robe on?
Not a lady who owns this one: it's such a heavenly comfort to wear! Kayser embroiders it in opulent acetate satin—for ladies who wear sizes 10 to 16 to feel luxurious in. $50 will make it a part of your life from now on. Available in either French blue or carnation red. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Prices slightly higher in the west.

KAYSER® Another fine product of Kayser-Roth, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

©DARLENE 1964. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST AND CANADA. IN CANADA, DARLENE, INC. C/O KNITTED OUTERWEAR, 6455 IBERVILLE STREET, MONTREAL.

JET TO ARUBA OR A RENDEZVOUS WITH darlene® AND TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS





Two ways to reach a new fashion high...all-over crocheted skaker knits. Left, in a bateau shell, about $15; with a fully lined Hockanum flannel skirt, sizes 6 to 18, about $13. Right, in a shift to belt or not, about $25; matched to a scallop-edged pocketed cardigan, about $18. Both the sweaters and dress, sizes 34 to 40.

At these and other fine stores: CALIF. Oakland: Rhodes; CONN. Hartford: G. Fox; D. C. Washington: Joseph R. Harris; FLA. Miami: Burdine's; ILL. Chicago: Carson, Pirie Scott and Branches; IND. Indianapolis: L. S. Ayres; IOWA Cedar Rapids: Wolf's; LA. Baton Rouge: Rosenfield's; MASS. Boston: Filene's; MICH. Detroit: B. Siegel; MINN. Minneapolis: Anthonie's; MO. Kansas City: Rothschild's; MONT. Missoula: Missoula Mercantile; N. Y. Long Island: Gertz and Branches; New York: Stern's; OHIO Cincinnati: McAlpin Co. and Branches; OKLA. Tulsa: Brown-Dunkin; PA. Philadelphia: John Wanamaker; TENN. Nashville: McClures and Branches; TEX. Houston: Battlestein's; UTAH Salt Lake City: La Rie's; VT. Brattleboro: J. E. Mann; WASH. Seattle: Bon Marche; or write Darlene Knitwear, Inc., 1407 Broadway, N.Y.18. AFTER YOU'VE SHOPPED YOUR FAVORITE STORE, ENJOY YOUR TRIP VIA TRANS CARIBBEAN FAN JET.



*SIMULATED

"Delilah, baby—you're a sight for sore eyes. Cuddle up to these gem-cut Aurora Borealis Crystals* ...there's immortality in their glitter and glow." "You're cute...but are they Laguna?" "Natch!" The Crown Jewel Look by Laguna—Aurora Borealis Crystal Necklaces, Bracelets, Earrings, Pins—$2 to $20. Laguna-Royal Craftsmen, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Laguna®
Crown Jewel Look



Grab Bag puts all pet properties in their place. Greedy pouch takes makeup, perfume, pills and preferential paraphernalia. Bills hide behind zipper. Purse snaps up coins, sundries and such. Hideaway keeps cards, credentials, photos of Harry. Everything organized. Grab Bag folds flat to solo or dive in handbag. Get Grab Bag in 14 colors. And put your all in it. At the finest stores. From $5 plus tax. Enger-Kress, West Bend, Wisconsin.

EK,

ODETTE BARSA ROBES OF ISLON FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER



Where velvet can't take it, Islon can

Odette Barsa creates the look alike portrait robe mothers and daughters have always wanted. Now that there's Islon it looks and feels like velvet, does what velvet does to color. But you can relax about Islon, it's all nylon. It takes all the wear in the world without a care in the world. Odette Barsa gives it feminine graces and Alencon laces to make you look as pampered as you are. You'll find Odette Barsa robes of Islon at America's finest stores in fireside or boudoir colors.

islon

the luxury of velvet with the worry left out

Iselin-Jefferson Company, Inc., 111 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. Islon® is made of Chemstrand® nylon. Islon nylon fabric is produced by an exclusive patented® Swiss process for which Iselin-Jefferson is the sole licensee in the U.S. ®Patent No. 3,090,097.

MARY CHESS

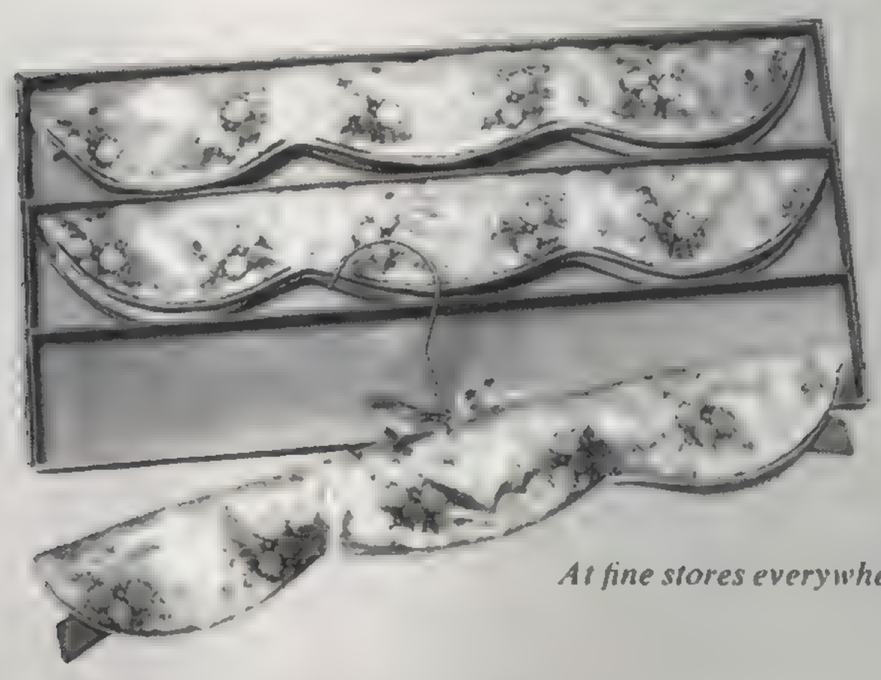
Shoulder Cover Sachets



Sachet Shoulder Covers, in pastel flower print white satin, snap over hangers, lending their enchanting perfume to dresses, furs, negligees...and closets.

Delight of fragrance fanciers and home decorators, who often collect them, Shoulder Covers are a memorable touch of feminine allure. Their potent sachet (a Mary Chess secret) stays fresh and lovely for years.

Shoulder Covers always make charming, luxurious gifts—and no one ever has too many. In White Lilac, Tapestry, Strategy, Yram, Gardenia or Carnation fragrances, 4.50 each; set of three, 13.50. Other gifts from the famed Mary Chess Sachet Collection, 1.00 to 100.00 plus tax.



At fine stores everywhere.

MARY CHESS *New York • London • Montreal*

CHRISTMAS: THE PRESENT IDEA

(Continued from page 20)

this year's goody for a culinary friend; it has enthralling little histories of the various spices and herbs, and 1,400 wonderfully lucid recipes. About $10.

Dreamy, contemplative friends might enjoy a small fountain, with its own circulating pump—no plumbing needed (though an electrical connection is)....Georg Jensen has a fountain consisting of two shallow copper bowls, the lower one 28" in diameter, for $175—this includes the pump. The copper can be copper-colour, verdigris, or black.

Now for the small delights: For a man, a smashing silver corkscrew from Cartier; $22 (tax inc.)....A dozen of the French ball-point pens called BICS....Givenchy's new Cologne for Men, in a good-looking atomizer....A subscription to some fascinating foreign periodical: if he's a gourmet, *Wine & Food Quarterly* should whet his palate; if he's a teen-ager, try *Salut les Copains*....And if he's an M.D., or someone who has to drive around New York constantly for any reason, give him a subscription to *Taxi Weekly*, the cabbie's tip-sheet.

For a family with children: Marzipan from Lubeck, in Germany, in the traditional shapes: little platters of herring, Santas, angels, elves, fruit. Many German shops have it, including Bremen House, at 218 East Eighty-Sixth Street; Gina & Selma, 1048 Lexington Avenue....A basket of pinecones; they smell delicious when tossed on the fire, or the children may want to gild them and hang them on the tree....Children, or for that matter anybody, would be enchanted by a box of shells from Seashells Unlimited, 590 Third Avenue; five cents to $500.

Have on hand, for the unexpected holiday guest, one or more copies of the Metropolitan Museum's 1965 engagement calendar, a treasure at $1.95—glowingly illustrated with plate after plate from the mediaeval book of hours, *Les très riches heures du Duc de Berry*.



CALIFORNIA
Southern California.....Broadway

FLORIDA
Miami.....Richard's

ILLINOIS
Champaign.....Robeson, Inc.
Chicago.....Gatelys Peoples Stores
Elgin.....Ackemann Bros.

INDIANA
Evansville.....The Evansville Store

IOWA
Davenport..Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines.....Younkers Dept. Store
Dubuque.....Roshek Bros. Co.
Sioux City.....Younker-Davidson's

KANSAS
Hutchinson.....Wiley's, Inc.
Wichita.....Buck's

KENTUCKY
Lexington.....Purcell Co.

MARYLAND
Hagerstown..Eyerly's Department Store

MICHIGAN
Detroit.....Crowley, Milner Co.
Flint.....The Fair

MINNESOTA
Faribault.....Ochs Bros.
Fergus Falls.....Norby's
Mankato.....George E. Brett Co.
St. Cloud.....The Fandel Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City.....Kline's, Inc.

NEW YORK
Albany.....W. M. Whitney & Co.
Buffalo....Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Massena.....Boston Store
Poughkeepsie.....Wallace Co.
Schenectady.....Wallace's
Syracuse.....C. E. Chappell & Sons
Utica.....Boston Store

NORTH DAKOTA
Grand Forks.....Norby's

OREGON
Portland.....Lipman, Wolfe & Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Chambersburg.....Eyerly's Dept. Store
Harrisburg.....Bowman's Dept. Store

RHODE ISLAND
Providence.....The Outlet Co.

TEXAS
El Paso.....Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth.....Monnig's

UTAH
Salt Lake City.....Z.C.M.I. Dept. Store

VIRGINIA
Norfolk.....Rice's
Roanoke.....S. H. Heironimus Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Washington, D.C.....Lansburg's

WEST VIRGINIA
Huntington..The Huntington Dept. Store
Martinsburg.....Eyerly's Dept. Store

WISCONSIN
Appleton.....H. C. Prange Co.
Green Bay.....H. C. Prange Co.

SET: 75% "DACRON"• POLYESTER, 25% COTTON



Here, unretouched: a photo of Lorraine's batiste gown in DACRON. It actually slept eight hours. Woke without a wrinkle. Then posed for our cameras with matching peignoir, just as you see it. Unwrinkled and unironed. Of course—it's "Dacron"! Gown about $6; peignoir about $9. In morning pink, evening blue, sunset gold. Matching square-necked shift, baby-doll, and nightshirt set also available.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

•Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or fashions shown.

NEW GOOD MOVE FOR TRAVELLERS

Dublin, Ireland: its green winter shimmer, its meets, its beagle packs.

DUBLIN: In winter. Ireland's intense green colour appears even greener. On the proud, flat façades of Georgian Dublin, win-



dow panes, in frames as black as eye shadow, shimmer in repetitive rain. Against the swiftly-moving clouds, leafless trees stand firm like arabesques in wrought iron. Through the city runs the river Liffey with its curious musty smell and café-au-lait colour.

Only since September 25 at 125 St. Stephen's Green—on one of the houses facing the landscaped park where Dubliners enjoy strolling—is there a new bronze plaque marking the birthplace of Robert Emmet, Ireland's famous rebel, executed in 1803. One of Emmet's hideouts in the seven-hundred-year-old Brazen Head tavern may be visited. Emmet's desk there serves as a drinking table and upstairs in Emmet's small room are other yellowed memorabilia of the uprising.

At many Dublin restaurants, warmed by peat fires, high tea is served with chunks of Irish soda bread—presented with shell-shaped butter. All year there are Dublin Bay prawns, the long-drawn Guinness Stout, and on January first the season opens for fresh salmon on the Liffey.

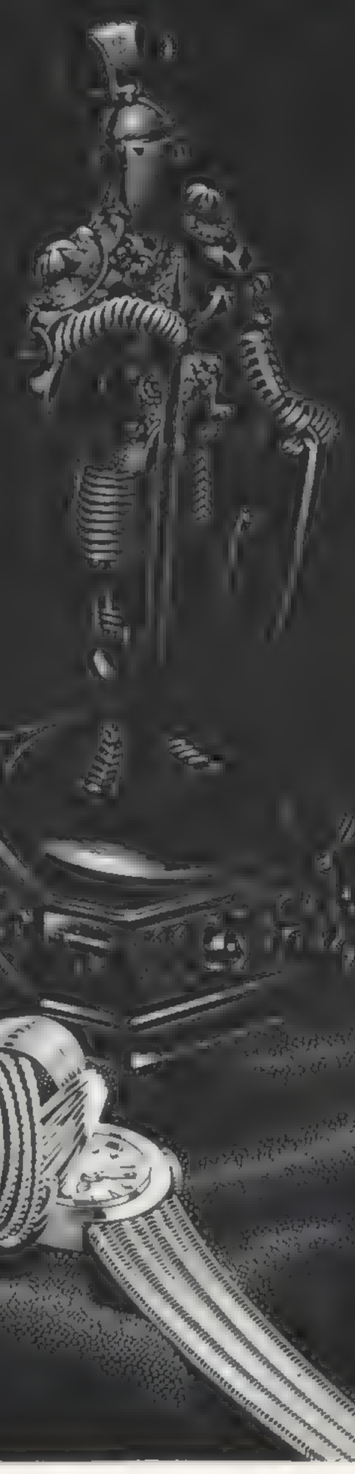
DUBLIN COUNTRYSIDE: Each of the important hunts meets twice a week, from now until early March. All have special meets on Saint Stephen's Day, December twenty-sixth. Joint Master of the Galway Blazers is John Huston, the celebrated movie director, now an Irish citizen. Visiting riders following hounds pay about a $6 cap fee; hotels book mounts for about $25 to $30.

Beagle packs meet every Sunday as well as on December twenty-sixth. For this sport, a scramble through fields, the women usually wear boots over thick stockings, a divided skirt, and a short mackintosh.

HOW TO GO: Ireland's green begins with green, shamrock-printed tickets for travellers flying Irish International Airlines. Shamrocks are on everything: the jet's tail, cabin walls, cocktail glasses, pens, and stationery. Stewardesses wear Donegal tweed uniforms of green and blue. Passengers are given green sleeping socks.

The Irish Airlines' fleet of jets, named after Irish saints, is blessed every year at Dublin airport where the restaurant serves exceptionally good food.

Flying Irish Airlines from New York to Dublin, leaving at 9:00 P.M., daily except Tuesdays: round-trip fare in first class costs $675.30; in economy, $369.40, until April 1. New this winter until February 14, the 21-day excursion fare of $312.



Bailey Banks & Biddle
WORLD RENOWNED JEWELERS SINCE 1832
CHESTNUT AT 16TH, PHILADELPHIA

Presents ROLEX
The ultimate in time keeping excellence and beauty.

Lady's 14K gold bracelet watch with 8 brilliant diamonds. 495.00

Gentleman's 14K gold automatic 25 jewel chronometer strap watch. 325.00

MAIL INQUIRIES INVITED



Rolex doesn't make dainty watches



except for the dainty.

Top, left to right. Oyster Perpetuals (waterproof*, self-winding), 25-jewel chronometer movements: ZEPHYR, case & bracelet in stainless steel & 14k gold, $275.00. SUBMARINER, pressure proof* to 660 feet, case & bracelet in stainless steel, $195. DAY-DATE, magnified date (day and date change automatically at midnight), case & bracelet in 18k gold, $1075. Bottom, left to right. All with 17-jewel movements: Octagonal case of 14k white gold with two full-cut diamonds and faceted crystal, $385. Case of 14k yellow gold, matching French mesh bracelet, faceted sapphire crystal, $230. 14k white gold case, circled with 22 full-cut diamonds, $795. *When case, crown and crystal are intact. All prices include federal tax.

ROLEX

American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Q. What makes the nights a little brighter–all year long?



A. Beau-Sure quality gowns and robes–they stay lovely longer!

Let your fashion light shine brightly in Beau-Sure quality lounge and sleepwear of heavenly soft nylon tricot. This is the famous Beaunit tricot made of Chemstrand's superior Blue "C" nylon...so it has to be the best! Clockwise from the left: put the late show on the road in this exquisite hostess coat #5411. White, blue, rose, maize, 10-18, about $18. Afterwards, sign off for the night in a ruffled waltz length gown...#2523. Pink, blue, candlelight, S-M-L, about $6. On another evening, raid the refrigerator in a demure duster...#9901. Rose, blue, maize, sizes 5-13, about $12. Dream on and on in a cowl collared gown studded with a single satin rose: #2521. White, blue, pink, S-M-L, about $6. Prices slightly higher on West Coast. Beau-Sure slips and panties are also available. **Beau-Sure**

NYLON CHEMSTRAND

Gowns available in: Charleston, W. Va., Stone & Thomas • Detroit, Mich., Winkelman's • Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's • Houston, Tex., Craig's • Jamaica, N.Y., B. Gertz, Inc. (and branch stores) • Memphis, Tenn., Goldsmith's; Lowenstein's • New York, N.Y., Franklin Simon & Co. (and branch stores); Stern Bros. (and branch stores) • Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne • San Antonio, Tex., Joske's of Texas • St. Louis, Mo., Famous Barr • Wilmington, Del., Arthur's.
Robes available in: Allentown, Pa., Hess Bros. • Altoona, Pa., Wm. F. Gable • Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's • Jamaica, N.Y., B. Gertz, Inc. (and branch stores) • Newark, N.J., Bamberger's New Jersey • New York, N.Y., Stern Bros. (and branch stores) • Providence, R.I., The Shepard Co. • Washington, D.C., Raleigh's.

BEAUNIT TEXTILES/DIVISION OF BEAUNIT CORPORATION, 450 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.



L'Air du Temps

the romantic perfume

NINA RICCI

PARIS

L'Air du Temps Perfume, made and sealed in France. 85.00 to 10.50. Shown: Original Lalique crystal bird bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 20.00 to 6.00. Plus tax.



The sweetest girl around in the softest outfit she owns. Sweater of 100% cashmere is a fully fashioned four ply bulky, $30. Skirt is fur blended, $13.
At B. Altman & Co., New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; The Emporium, San Francisco; Maas Bros., Florida; and other fine stores.

COLEBROOK
COLEBROOK, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



It's ⅓ of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

How refreshing to arise from a bed of beautiful Blossom-Tones,® the famous Wamsutta Supercales® that flatter with delicate shades of color. As always, the touch of Supercale is soft and gentle beyond compare, delightfully habit-forming. Select from Blossom-Tones of Bud green, Buttercup yellow, Hyacinth blue, Robin's Egg blue, Petal pink, Blonde beige and pure white, from $5.95. Monogram additional. And for added luxury, Wamsutta Mayfair towels from the Heritage Towel Collection, about $2.25 bath size. WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 B'way, New York 18. Makers of Wamsutta Lustercale® sheets, Wamsutta Babycale® products and fashion fabrics for women, children, men.

Wamsutta®
SUPERCALE



"Don't be ridiculous, of course I'm a lamp!"



"See?"

The eyes have it. Personal, portable Lampette for people of vision who want to preserve it. Folds up to nest in your pocket. Plugs in anywhere. Rises to the occasion for reading, writing, sewing, artwork, makeup, shaving, business or pleasure. Exclusive Lampette arm telescopes from 5" to 16". Shade swivels a full 360° to concentrate non-glare, high-intensity white light exactly where you want it. Traveling light? Take Lampette and see more. Make it a *bright* Christmas with Lampette. Light years ahead.

LAMPETTE®
A KOCH CREATION

19.95, including bulb at fine stores everywhere. Black, gray, or white. Koch Creations, 167 E. 56 St., N.Y.C.

Houbigant



"White Shoulders"

POWDERED WHITE SHOULDERS

BATH DROPS

LUXURY SOAP



Now, he has...

New! ROLFS Jewelry Roll for Men. Solves the case of the missing cuff link handsomely. Eye the full-width "Et Cetera" pocket. Then unzip the three compartments: Shallow. Mid-deep. Down-deep. Keeps a man's valuables collected . . . protected. Organizes your personal accessories in a traveler's bag or in your top dresser drawer. In supple Deer Elk. Dark gray outside, red inside. Bright new gift idea from ROLFS. 5.95

ROLFS

West Bend, Wisconsin. Also Creators of fine Amity Leather Accessories.



...what she has

Gems and geegaws receive a comfy home in ROLFS Jewelry Roll. Just the thing for organized safekeeping at home or on trips. Fragile bracelets and precious pins rest gently in three deep-as-your-hand zippered pockets. Bulky beads, hair bands (hankies and scarves, too) quickly slip into the full-length back pocket. A padded strap holds earrings. Another unsnaps to keep rings in line. Charmingly fashioned in leather-like NYKAF®. Lined in soft velour. In colors galore. 5.95

ROLFS

West Bend, Wisconsin. Also Creators of fine Amity Leather Accessories.



We made this sterling silver porringer circa 1774.

(It's not for sale.)



El Grandee, 4-piece place setting, $39.25

This sterling silver buffet fork was made at Towle yesterday.

(No extra charge for the 190 years of craftsmanship.)

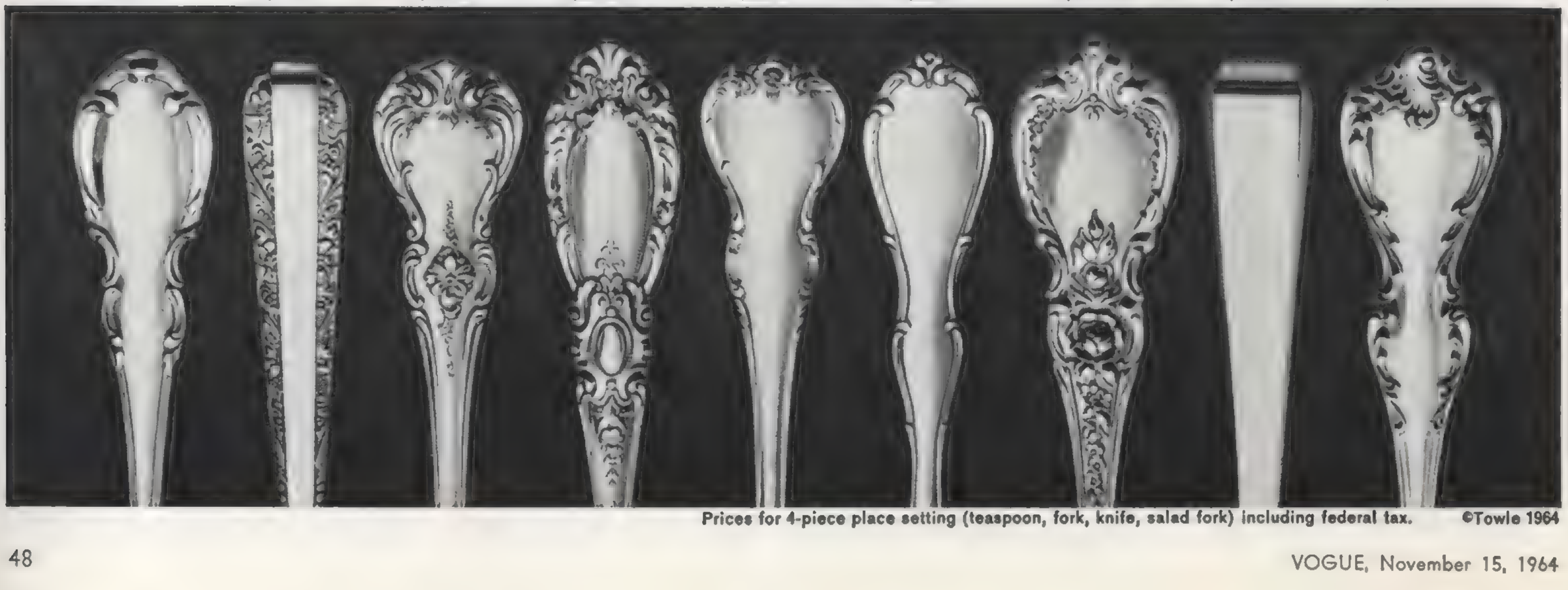
THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS are still in almost the exact spot in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where the man who made the porringer above worked. His name was Joseph Moulton III, and his sons carried on the great tradition of unhurried craftsmanship and unsurpassed quality that actually began in 1690.

Today, you can see the results of that great tradition in every piece of Towle silver. You can feel it. You can sense it. Today's Towle sterling is beautiful—and made to be used. For occasions or every day. (You can even put it in the dishwasher; it's *solid* silver.)

Take a good look before you buy it. Study its elegance. Pick up a piece. Balance it. Examine its perfect design, its grace, its grandeur that comes only from the oldest silver-making tradition in America—it dates from 1690.

But hurry. You've already missed 274 years of great silver.

Legato	Candlelight	Old Master	King Richard	French Provincial	Fontana	Charlemagne	Craftsman	Debussy
$35.75	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$39.25



Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) including federal tax. ©Towle 1964

Dear Fashionables,

Admittedly this is for the perfectionist.

With your discerning taste and appreciation of the elegance of fine craftsmanship ... you will recognize this deep etched engraved initial as incomparable for your personal correspondence.

Of course, we had no other way in the world to illustrate the distinction of Madeira except to put an actual sample here for you to feel and admire.

MADEIRA
ENGRAVED
INITIAL
by
Montag

Montag, Inc., 245 N. Highland Ave., Atlanta 30307
Show Rooms: Atlanta · New York · Dallas

Gold or Blue Initials
on stationery and notes 1.00 to 3.95



Timeless crepe. Romantic as candlelight.
Matched to the magic of festive living. And giving.

lead the Ship'n Shore® life!



CAREFREE CREPE BLOUSES OF 100% DACRON® POLYESTER, $6.







NEW DIMENSIONS IN HOME FASHIONS . . . TOWELS AND SHEETS FROM THE CANNON ROYAL FAMILY. Here, Vanity Rose coordinates . . . so new, so very reminiscent of a long-ago serenity and grace. The medallions soft and splendid on all-cotton, permanently Pucker-Free™ towels. Cool and formal on all-cotton Combspun® Percale sheets. Wonderful colors: Empire Bronze, Pink, Blue, Green. Available in ensembles of bath, hand towel, washcloth. Bath towel, about $2.98. Sheets, flat or Flex-O-Matic® fitted, twin, about $3.98. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N. Y. 10020

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

Alone at last–

Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**

The way she likes it...he likes it...you'll like it.

Sweet or Extra Dry on the rocks.

Europe's distinguished Vermouth

is now the nation's favorite.



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

Fully fashioned two-ply cardigan and knitted skirt in chiffon-weight imported cashmere. White or black. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

Sleep red.

Red is never so red as when it's Acrilan® acrylic fiber. (Just as irrepressibly red after machine-washing, too.) But say on a Tuesday you'd rather sleep pink.



Sleep pink.

Go ahead. This automatic blanket by Northern Electric—called "Elegance"—is reversible. It comes in other color combinations, too. Velvet bound. (And just in time for Christmas.)

Sleep well.

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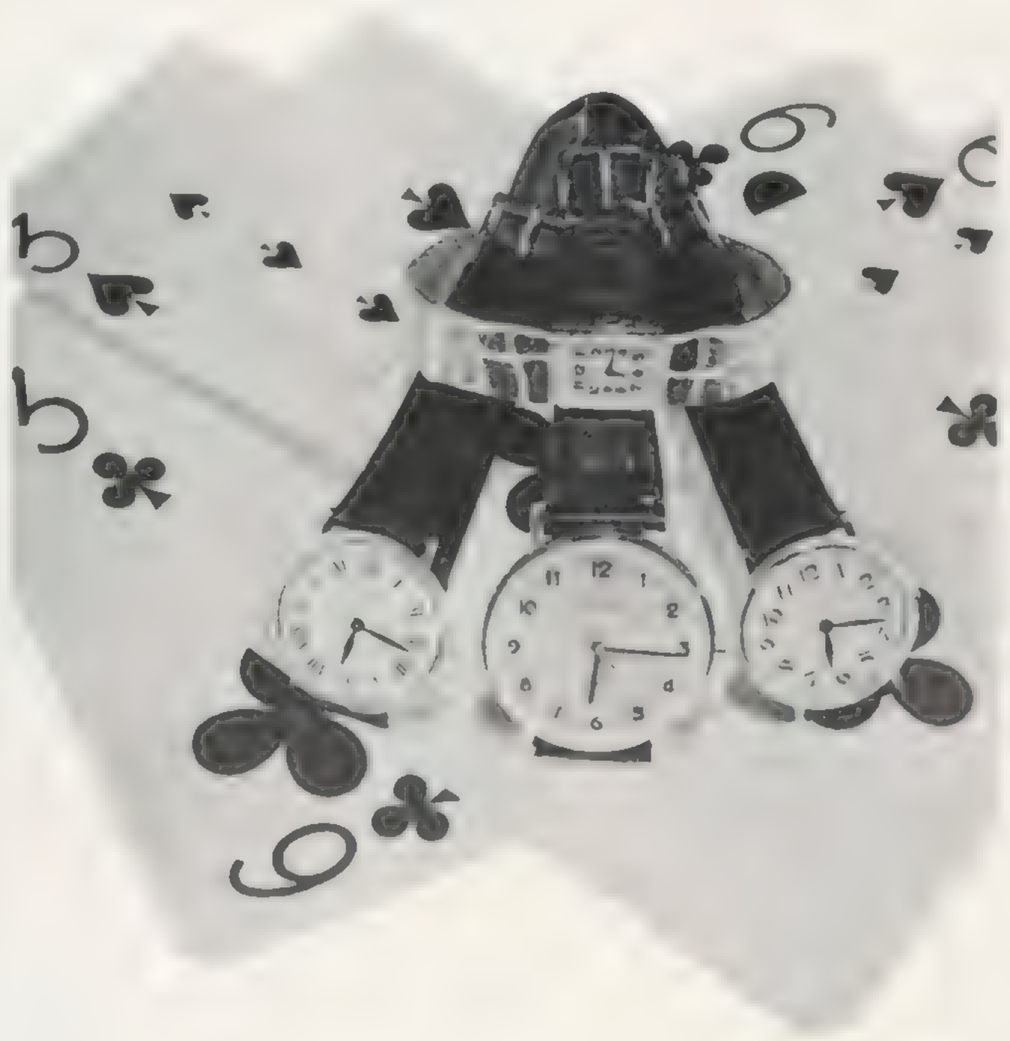
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BOLD NEW FACES IN TOWN

The easy-to-read idea—
big watches, black on white



DAVID MASSEY

Some timely thoughts on giving, or—even better—receiving: big watches with bold black numbers on shiny white faces; easy to read, strikingly handsome. Time of the reptile, top of the picture—eighteen-karat gold textured like alligator makes the bracelet strap of a rectangular watch numbered black on white, with a bright red hour hand. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. $800*. From Tiffany. Classic with a new figure, lower left—Roman numerals on a classic watch sliced thin as lemon peel; eighteen-karat gold, with a wide strap of black satin. Eighteen jewels, Swiss movement. By Piaget. $720*. At Cartier. Let-me-do-it watch, lower centre, is self-winding and water-resistant, with a big white face encased in fourteen-karat gold on a wide black alligator strap. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. By Movado. $175*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The face is familiar, lower right, but the shape is as slender as a quarter; sleek on the wrist, with high visibility. Of eighteen-karat white gold strapped in black satin. Eighteen jewels, Swiss movement. By Piaget. $880*. Van Cleef & Arpels. Giant cards, Serendipity 3.

*INCLUDING TAX



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BOLD NEW FACES IN TOWN

Time for the big watches,
boldly numbered black on white



DAVID MASSEY

The railroad watch, far left—the kind that really could work on the railroad, it's that accurate, down to the sweep second hand. Readable in black numbers on white; in a water-resistant stainless steel case, strapped in black calfskin. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. By Omega. $85*. Saks Fifth Avenue. Dry-run watch, second from left—water-resistant, encased in stainless steel; with a sweep second hand, a wide strap of black alligator. Seventeen jewels. By Rolex. $88*. At Tourneau. Time told by sticks, third from left—stick-numbered watch in bold black on white for easy reading. It's in a fourteen-karat gold case, strapped in black suède. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. By Movado. $135*. Saks Fifth Avenue. Watch the gold reptile, upper right—eighteen-karat gold textured like lizard makes the strap of a watch faced black-on-white, with a bright red hour hand. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. $800*. From Tiffany. Cards: Serendipity 3.

*INCLUDING TAX

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movies

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

NUTTY, NAUGHTY CHÂTEAU, "*a little depraved*"

Nutty, Naughty Château, based on the play *Château en Suède,* by Françoise Sagan, is a Pre-Raphaelite nightmare, very mannered, very elegant, and very foolish. Amidst the icy fields and snow-heavy spruces of Sweden, it tells a story of a great house and an icy-hearted, perverse beauty, a lady without mercy, a lady of pain and death. She is played by the pouty, presently red-haired Monica Vitti, whose specialty is a Pre-Raphaelite, flagellating silence. Every rich detail has its moment: great, menacing rooms, dotty relatives, nineteenth-century costumes, winds and snows and isolation, the perverse indolence of long winters, a wicked flirtation (à la Cocteau) between brother and sister. Roger Vadim has directed the film in a style of romantic sadism, but he does not always seem clear that this is a comedy, a parody, and can not pose as a genuine sexual fantasy. Indeed it is a charade, an elaborate costume party—more than a little depraved in tone.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY, "*a real man*"

Châteaux in Sweden and rooming houses in Montreal. In *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* it is also winter, an unromantic Canadian one, with slushy streets, galoshes in the hallway, cold iron grilles on the old houses and bleak stucco on the new. Here, struggling to keep afloat, are a real man and wife and teen-age daughter, come from Ireland to make a new life in Canada. Ginger Coffey, played with perfection by Robert Shaw, is thirty-nine, personable, but sketchily trained. He is good-hearted and shallow, one of those men who can not make realistic plans for his future because his judgment about his own possibilities is faulty. We watch the humiliation and failure of this robust, loyal, pleasure-loving man with a real pang of sorrow. His wife, excellently done by Mary Ure, struggles to live with the contradiction of Ginger's charming virility and his self-deceit. The cast is not more beautiful in body and mind than persons of this sort would be in life, the setting in Montreal has considerable sociological interest, and the whole is a moving naturalistic film.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE, "*lemon Jell-o tart*"

Two desperate remakes. First, *Of Human Bondage.* Kim Novak is a lemon Jell-o tart and Laurence Harvey is an oddly updated 1960 young man. As Philip Carey, he is not a creature doomed by a destructive passion, but a kind, subdued, relentlessly benevolent young doctor—yes, exactly like one of our physician friends in a television serial. Old, vicious Bette Davis and weak, love-enslaved Leslie Howard hover, ghosts on the TV screen.

THE OUTRAGE, "*a buzz of clichés*"

And the second: The beautiful, austere Japanese film masterpiece, *Rashomon,* has been used as the remote suggestion for a tasteless, boring, false film, called *The Outrage,* with Claire Bloom and Paul Newman. This is one of the most inept movies in memory. The dialogue is a buzz of clichés, the conception is throughout vulgar and uninspired. How, we ask ourselves, could anyone who had entered the heart of *Rashomon* come forth into this darkness, bringing with him this awful transmogrification? It is as if you had taken a beautiful Oriental vase and offered as your equivalent a plastic cup decorated with cowboy boots.

December Vogue—an issue of Wonders



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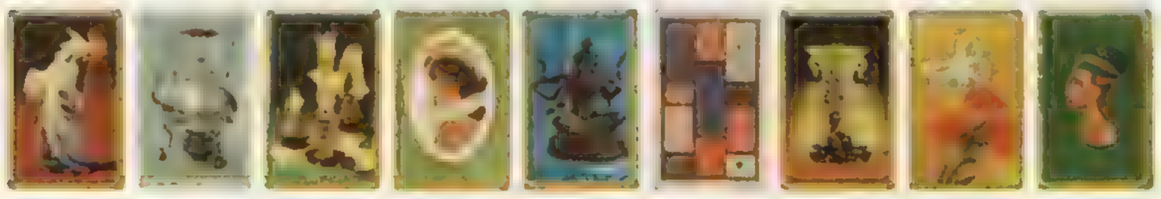


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theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR, "*cockney shrewdness*"

Oh What a Lovely War is a musical entertainment by Joan Littlewood, and that means that it is a product of collaboration by Miss Littlewood, who directed it, and her actors, as well as the two authors who are credited in the program, Charles Chilton and Ted Allen. The general impression is the one we usually get when Miss Littlewood's theatrical undertakings succeed: ebullience and irony contending with humourless authority. Politics, as in *The Hostage*, or squalor, as in *A Taste of Honey*, will strive to keep life from expressing itself, but the inhibiting forces fail, and, in *The Hostage*, even death is followed by a resurrection. On the present occasion, ebullience disputes the stage with two of its ultimate enemies, war and death.

This musical gives us a cockney's eye view of the First World War, showing us the events and the songs of the war as performed by a music-hall company in pierrot clown costumes. The pierrots sing the music-hall songs of the war with the intention of satirizing them—or, more exactly, of helping them to satirize themselves—permitting their own cockney shrewdness and vitality to comment implicitly on the patriotic motifs of the songs. Later we hear some soldiers' songs in which new, bitterly ironic words assault the dignity of such borrowed tunes as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The songs, which are not always satirical and not always professionally sung, work better than anything else and are, in fact, infallible. More of the same bitter irony is present in many of the sketches, especially those that confront the poor devils of enlisted men with their officers.

The general effect is less satisfactory when Miss Littlewood puts away her sharper instruments and takes out her mallet. The bare facts of Field Marshal Haig's offensive are more effective than any of the heavy-handed playlets that directly attack the issues, such as the episode of the general staff's grand ball and the scene that shows a pacifist addressing an unfriendly crowd. The show has also lost much of the intimacy it had in London. On the whole, however, cockney vitality, as best personified in Victor Spinetti, the glib con-man who is master of ceremonies, and Barbara Windsor, a halfpint Judy Holliday, wins the day.

THE LAST ANALYSIS, "*inspired . . . lunacy*"

The Last Analysis, Saul Bellow's first full-length play, begins with an amusing premise: a popular comedian abandons his art to pursue his own peculiarly theatrical kind of psychoanalysis, which requires him to act out the events of his past life. [The play may close.] Is he primarily a lunatic or a prophet? Bummidge, the comedian, is more of a lunatic in the first act and more of a prophet in the second. He begins as an amiable fanatic with a crackpot theory, but, before the play ends, he has been congratulated by official psychiatry, and all the "good" characters have rallied around him.

Neither the ending nor Sam Levene's prosaic playing of Bummidge did full justice to his inspired pseudo-intellectual lunacy. The production seemed not to have found its proper style, and the inconsistency of the acting tended to distract us from the main issue. This is not necessarily a closet drama, but only a witty play that was made to seem like closet drama.

December Vogue—Wonders for the Christmas eye

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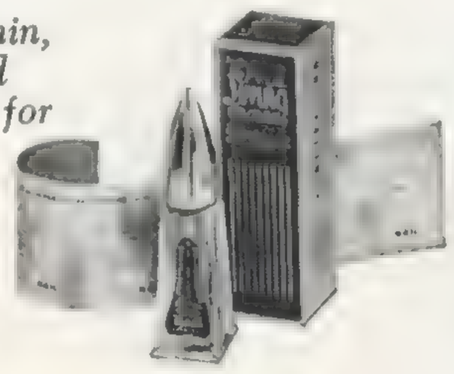
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books

BY RALPH BLUM

THE JOURNAL OF JULES RENARD, *"the pleasure is ours"*

"Every time the wind blows down the chimney, Poil de Carotte remembers his childhood." While film buffs will remember the muted photography, the plaintive little hero of Julien Duvivier's 1933 motion picture, even film histories neglect to mention that "Carrot-Top's" creator was the novelist-playwright Jules Renard. Yet the fame of the author of the novel *L'Écornifleur* ("The Sponger") and the collection of short tales published in 1894 as *Poil de Carotte* was such that, three years before his death in 1910, Renard was elected one of the "Ten" of France's Académie Goncourt. In 1926 André Gide wrote of Renard's *Journal,* "It is not a river; it is a distillery." Now, in Braziller's *The Journal of Jules Renard,* the translator-editors Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget offer us two hundred and thirty-one pages of Renard's vintage cognac for sampling. Covering the years 1887 to 1910, the *Journal* tells the rest of Carrot-Top's story: "Carrot-Top Renard in *La Belle Époque,*" starring Edmond de Goncourt, Sarah Bernhardt, Lucien Guitry, with such supporting players as Alphonse Daudet, Rodin, the ravaged Verlaine, and a huge cast of celebrities and peasants—Renard's friends and contemporaries. The *Journal* is also a private commentary on Renard's own public behaviour, the exact and compassionate description of life around him, a record of his struggle for personal honesty and style.

Renard wrote well of many things, "One must write as one speaks, if one speaks well." Again, he notes with touching simplicity, "The glory of finding myself in little reading books used in primary schools." Turned *boulevardier,* Renard retained his country shrewdness: "When I make a joke, I watch the maid out of the corner of my eye to see if she is laughing," and stitched into it a romantic sophistication: "He is deaf in the left ear: he does not hear on the side of the heart." The pleasure of his *Journal* is finally ours.

The faults of this first English selection are those of its editors. The juxtaposition of entries, without benefit of precise dating, is a disservice to Renard. The failure to include a glossary of persons is disobliging to his readers. The 1960 *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade edition* of the *Journal* used by the editors contains remedies for such inadequacies. Eventually Renard will find his Justin O'Brien. Then the complete *Journal* will take its place near Pavese's *Il Mestiere di Vivere,* Gide's *Journals,* and the produce from other noble distilleries.

PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS, *"breeds enthusiasm"*

Cyril Connolly's *Previous Convictions,* "Selected Writings of a Decade" (Harper & Row), contains eighty-three reviews, essays, and reviews-as-essay-occasions. Throughout, Connolly informs and surprises. At his best, he breeds enthusiasm with a phrase. He is rewarding on letters (Yeats, Stendhal) and journals (Léautaud, the Goncourts), on essays (Ezra Pound, his own) and the biographers of essayists (Sir Richard Rees on George Orwell). The frivolous and non-frivolous final section, "Paging Mr. Smartiboots," gives a pleasant change of pace. If the James Bond "camp" farce is a drag, "The Beats" makes a marvellous recovery. On Connolly's advice, I shall read De Nerval's *Aurélia.*

An issue of Wonders— December Vogue



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BOLD NEW FACES IN TOWN

**In time for Christmas—
the big watches, black on white**



Winding up Vogue's choice of watches that make for easy reading matter, counter-watchwise from left: Self-winding watch that's water-and-dust resistant, encased in fourteen-karat gold and strapped in black lizard. Seventeen jewels, Swiss movement. By Lucien Piccard. $200*. At Lambert Brothers. For the girl who thinks big, second down—a watch the size of a half-crown in a ten-karat gold-filled case, with a sweep second hand and a wide strap of black alligator. Self-winding, runs on replaceable batteries. By Hamilton. $110*. Altman's. Boldest of the bold—the magnified pocket watch, three-and-one-half inches in diameter. Slung on its own golden chain, it's a belt or a pendant; unchained, it makes an easy switch from handbag to wall. By Sheffield. $11*. At Best & Co.
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The fetching wedding of Miss Mary McFadden and Mr. Philip Harari in New York



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP VICTOR HARARI, AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

All the synonyms for pretty fitted the wedding of Miss Mary McFadden to Philip Harari. In the particularly charming little chapel at St. Bartholomew's where the acoustics are amazing, the bride's small silver voice rang out delicately after the sounds of trumpets, flutes, and horns from the organ. She wore a dress as simple and beautiful as a piece of altar lace—organdie, with a hem thick with lace and embroidery, the train of many layers of tulle, like a long, long drift of snow. Before the wedding there had been an eight-day rondo of parties given by the young



MRS. WATSON KEEP BLAIR, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER, WITH MRS. THOMAS DUPRÉE, THE GROOM'S MOTHER.



MRS. WILLIAM RAYNER



THE ATTENDANTS: MRS. LEONARD HOLZER, MRS. GUEST CONDON, MRS. BOYER BUTLER, MME. JEAN-CLAUDE ABREU.

friends of the couple. After the wedding the young guests gathered at the townhouse of Mrs. Watson Blair, the bride's mother. The guests, entering under an awning lined in brilliant flowered chintz, passed open doors hemmed with yellow chrysanthemums, walked on through the house to the garden, sat at little tables, or danced, all to the pattern of Mary McFadden Harari.



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MR. GEORGE PLIMPTON AND MRS. BAILEY GIMBEL.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A gala garden opera party in London for the benefit of the International Social Service



AT THE BUFFET, LADY ANTONIA FRASER WITH MR. ROBIN MIRRLEES, THE RICHMOND HERALD AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS. IN THE BACKGROUND, MR. HUGH VICKERS, PRODUCTION DIRECTOR OF THE OPERA.

"Turn the gramophone down!" shouted a neighbour. It wasn't the gramophone, it was Lady Antonia Fraser's opera party, given between the trees and under the stars in her London back garden to aid the I.S.S., an organization of social workers, concerned primarily with unwanted children. (Lady Fraser, whose husband is Rt. Hon. Hugh Fraser, Minister of Defense for the Royal Air Force, is on the General Purposes Committee.) In-



SINGERS, THE ORCHESTRA, GUESTS



AMONG THE GUESTS AT SUPPER,
MR. GEORGE WEIDENFELD: LOELIA, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER
AND LADY BAGRIT, WIFE OF SIR LEON BAGRIT.

terrupted only by the breeze and two champagne-filled intermissions, Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio* was brought to the small city garden by a young group, *Opera da Camera;* their aim: "to perform [in private houses] the little-



LADY DIANA COOPER



MRS. NIGEL LAWSON

known repertoire of eighteenth-century comic opera in the original language." After the final chorus in praise of the Turkish Pasha, on came a buffet presented by the guests themselves—from the Salmon Tart, produced by Lord Lovat, to the service, by distinguished friends, and extras in Turkish uniform.



MISS SHEILA AMIT, WHO SANG BLONDE;
MISS PAULINE TINSLEY, WHO WAS
CONSTANZE; MR. MICHAEL BROWN.



THE HON. MICHAEL PAKENHAM,
BROTHER OF LADY ANTONIA FRASER,
AT THE BUFFET AFTER THE OPERA.



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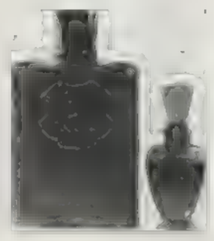
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The joys of a New York party for the International Rescue Committee



MR. PETER DUCHIN LEADING HIS ORCHESTRA FROM THE PIANO

Young, catching, the spirit of this party was that of a worldly *corps de ballet* dancing to the orchestrations of Peter Duchin, in the crimson and pink of the St. Regis Maisonette. Everyone knew everyone else. Guests table-hopped or talked to friends back-to-back to them. As pretty as faïence figurines, the young women, many wearing long crystal-beaded dresses, shone in the flicker of candlelight. Every table had its sprays of flowered centrepieces, its march of pink tapers under dimmed bronze chandeliers. From behind hot-red banquettes, a rosy



MR. HENRY HEINZ II AND PRINCIPESSA IRENE GALITZINE.



MRS. NANCY HOLMES AND MR. JOSEPH A. THOMAS.

glow bounced off the De Chirico-esque murals.

In no time at all, the dance floor became—and remained—a cosy mash with dancing to the ripplings of Mr. Duchin's music. He often moved from the piano bench to his wife's



MR. CARTER BROWN AND MISS PAMELA ZAUDERER.



MR. AND MRS. PETER DUCHIN



MRS. RICHARD SAVITT AND
MR. ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER.



MISS WENDY VANDERBILT AND
MR. GATES DAVISON.

table. Before, during, and after dinner, people danced—the non-discothèque steps, no frug, no monkey, no swim—just ballroom dancing. It was, in fact, the third consecutive year that the Duchin band volunteered its music for this dinner-dance. The Benefit Chairman, Mrs. W. Averell Harriman, had a large round table of guests. The President, Mr. William vanden Heuvel, had a long rectangular table of guests. The small joys of this party hung on its being unlike a benefit ball—no door prizes, no raffles, no show. Its greatest joy—a group of attractive people who fitted together like a jigsaw of figures in a nightscape.



MISS CATERINE MILINAIRE, VISCOUNT
MOORE, AND MISS SUSAN STEIN.



MRS. ARTHUR OCHS
SULZBERGER.



MRS. WILLIAM VANDEN HEUVEL
AND MR. JULES STEIN.

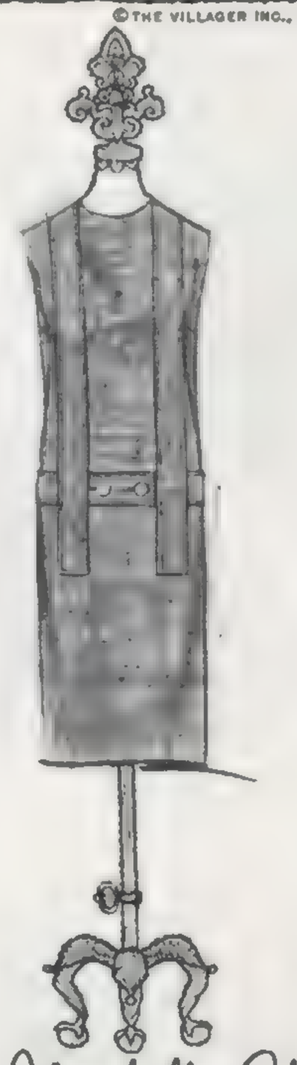


MISS GLORIA STEINEM
AND MR. ROBERT SARNOFF.



MRS. BERT STERN (THE DANCER, ALLEGRA KENT)
AND MR. ARTHUR KOPIT.

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The Norfolk Shift

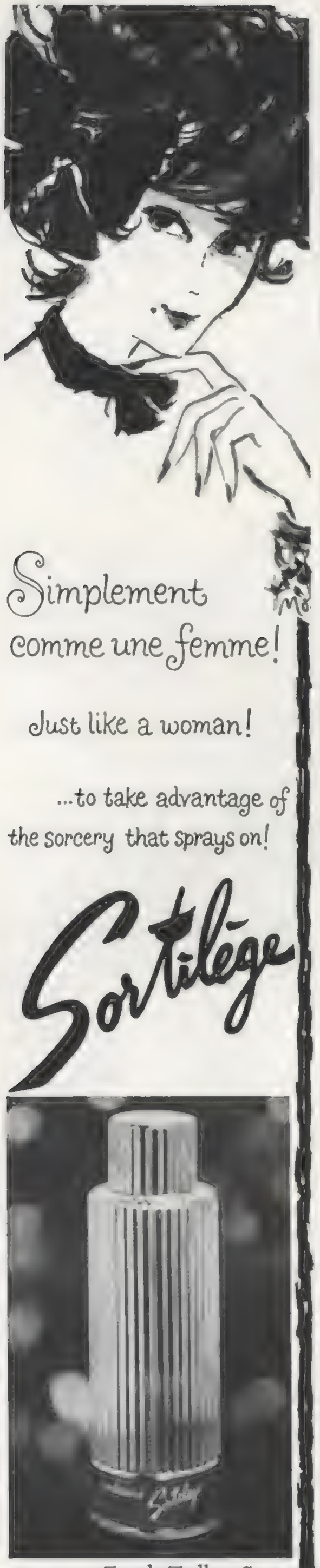
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

"Yes, we have micron powder in stock . . ."

This message, cryptic to all but those given to decoding successes in the beauty field, was Magic-Markered on cardboard and pasted on the window of a Third Avenue pharmacy in the Fifties recently. What it announced was the presence in the shop of a new and much sought-after face powder made of ground corncobs. Issued under the name of Galaxie in a pressed-powder compact, the powder, made only in one almost-shadeless shade, has a knack for dimming the lustre of faces or portions of faces given to too much shine. The woman whose skin produces more oil than needed, on nose or forehead or chin, packs it along with her other make-up for an on-the-spot matte-ing job. Word appears to be getting around; patent is pending; and, we notice, the maker capitalizes the name proudly—he calls it Micron Powder. . . .

Beauty luxuries—next chapter

In solid-gold poetry, the November 1 issue of Vogue took note of some of the special beauty luxuries enjoyed by some of the special beauties of the world. Second chapter: by jet, from California. . . . Enjoyed by one twenty-one-year-old, her own salon-size hairdryer in pink with chair to match—but the colour is beside the point. The point is, as her hair goes about the business of drying, she soaks a narrow band of pink cotton with the perfume that speaks to her, and, lining her hairdryer with this cotton band, steams the scent into her hair and skin. (The Jerome Ohrbachs' daughter, Barbara.) . . . Merle Oberon (Mrs. Bruno Pagliai) has, for the pinning up of her long dark hair, a collection of hairpins which she keeps along with emergency bobbie pins in a Fabergé box of sea-green jade sprinkled with tiny diamonds. . . . In addition to the big swimming pool in the garden, Mrs. Jay Hormel has a pocket-size swimming pool of her own: this, kept heated at body temperature, was designed for winter exercising and was thus placed for total privacy off the wall of Mrs. Hormel's bathroom. . . . Potted flowers and greenery are bathroom décor of Greer Garson. Her bathroom is, in fact, a greenhouse with bath. . . . A bell-pull mirror designed for three-way viewing was designed for the dressing room of Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale by the decorator, William Haines. On signal, the mirror lowers from the ceiling, is susceptible to any arrangement of view, then pulls up to the ceiling again when Mrs. Bloomingdale is ready to dismiss it. . . . And Rosalind Russell carries her evening make-up in a thing that appears to be a cross between a minaudière and handbag—on investigation, it's an antique Indian hand-warmer of perforated brass. . . .

Beauty—before-and-after story

It may be quite true that almost every cosmetic in use today has had a past; that it was known to and by the Egyptians, the Japanese, the Etruscans, to Anyone in the Theatre, et cetera, et cetera. All right. But reflecting on the current passion for fake eyelashes and the place of blushers in the making-up of today's face, we were therefore pleased to come across an indication that even though much may have been before, the forms in which cosmetics are prepared have, happily, improved with age. From an English source we learned there was in 1901 a Mrs. Pomeroy of Bond Street, who had ten thousand devoted beauty clients for whom she practised her particular brand of beauty culture. "One of her most successful operations was the production of eyelashes taken from the hair of the head and sewn into the lids," the Fourteenth Issue of *The Saturday Book* revealed. This same source, going on about Mrs. Pomeroy's ministrations, stated: "Those of her clients whose complexions were abnormally pale or sallow were recommended to a famous London tattooist who would insert into their cheeks the semblance of a lovely blush that could never fade or die." . . . Anyone for 1901?

Coming, December Vogue: Wonders, wonders, wonders



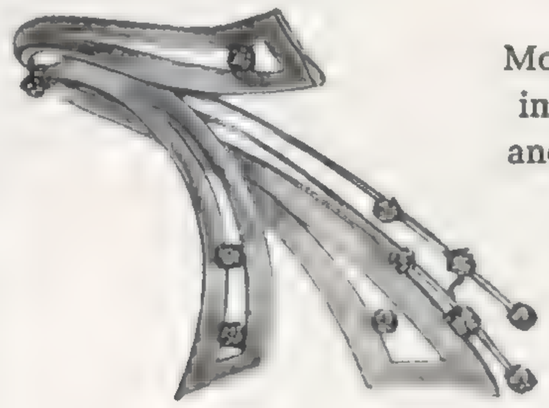
on Oleg Cassini's hosiery advice to actress Elizabeth Ashley

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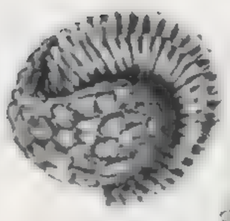
At *Sibley's*, Rochester, New York; *Adam, Meldrum & Anderson*, Buffalo; *Flah's*, Albany; *Levy Bros.*, Elizabeth, New Jersey; *Dey Bros.*, Syracuse, New York; and other fine stores.

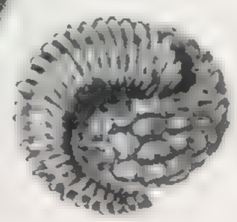


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Vogue's SHOP HOUND



The britches kick

This season's amusing pants-variation in pale pink suède—britches and jacket lined in royal-blue silk crêpe and worn here, rightly, with ribby knee-socks. Especially great on the after-ski scene. Also pale blue; also pink, blue, or black kidskin. 6-14. Suède, $270; kidskin, $240. By Marc of Tawn. Allen & Cole Boutique, 132 E. 64th St., New York 21.



Hunter's catch

Natural calfskin guncase lined in red canvas, with lamb's-wool-lined compartments for gun sections, pocket for bullets. Also black; pigskin. $119 plus tax. Golden hunting horn, $17. Birdcalls on thongs, each $5. Hunting gloves of brown tapir with calfskin, $23. Gucci, 769 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 21.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Brother-and-sister act

Velveteen is in order when small, smart spenders go to a Christmas party—her dress has a bib of lace-trimmed white linen; his shorts worn with a white batiste eyelet-embroidered blouse. Red or blue. Toddler sizes 2-4. Each, $18. By Sylvia White. At F.A.O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.

PRESENT SEASON



The suède pea jacket
Great proportion—and warmth—for bell-bottom pants of white kidskin, a navy-blue suède pea jacket lined cosily in sheep shearing, with a double row of white buttons. Jacket, also white; $165. Pants, also navy blue, black, buff; $100. By Marc of Tawn. Allen & Cole Boutique, 132 E. 64th St., N.Y. 21. Coiffure: Richard at the Madison.

Alligator, room inside
Black Madagascar alligator handbag with seven compartments—place for a giant pocket watch inside—lined in leather, with double gold-plated clasps. Made in France. 11½" x 7". $135 plus tax. One in a collection of imported alligator bags from Plymouth Shops, 661 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.



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NOVEMBER 15, 1964

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:
"THE FOLLY"—AND THE LIFE THAT'S ENJOYED

HORST



A folly, states the Oxford Dictionary, is "any costly structure considered to have shown folly in the builder . . . *but* compare French *folie,* 'delight.' " We're for the French. And, as it happens, the folly photographed here proves the point. It was built by the widow of Speaker Connolly of Castletown to close her finest vista and for the more generous purpose of giving work to her tenants during the exceptionally hard winter of 1740. Having served both ends for a stretch of years, it fell eventually into a state of semi-decay until, quite recently the Honourable Desmond Guinness of nearby Leixlip Castle bent his energies to its restoration. For Mr. Guinness (framed here in the top arch) the present delight is renewing the carved pineapples on every airy cornice, securing stairs and parapets so that soon the view from his windy vantage point—a green prospect of rolling land planted a century and a half ago with trees in the formation of the regiments at Waterloo—may again be a source of pride to his compatriots and a *folie* to their visitors from abroad. . . . Which proves in our mind that a proper folly is pure delight, a joy that revives and nourishes the spirit—the crux of the life that counts. Not often an architectural folly, of course; for some people it may be the pleasure of creating order in a collection of loved objects, the steady smoulder of a zest for politics, or the deep personal satisfaction of using every day some treasured possession—the thinnest Dresden cup, a fruitwood desk that's worn, burnished, and pleasantly cluttered. On the next pages, and on page 144, more of the life that's enjoyed.

THE INSIDERS

BRUCE DAVIDSON

FOUR YOUNG COUPLES WHO LIVE THE LIFE THAT COUNTS.
BEGINNING. HERE. WITH MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL ZIMMER

Youth used to wait for life and luck. No more. The generation that's come of age all along the nineteen-sixties has changed that forever. It waits for nothing. Not life, not luck. Luck is what it invents for itself every day, and it gets down at once to the business of living—with optimism, with grace, and with skill. The four couples profiled in these ten pages belong to that generation. They're it. The insiders.

All are young. But not desperately young; they've had time to settle into their personalities. At one end of the scale, a baby-boom baby born early in World War II—wife, wizard cook, college senior taking Honours in History, twenty-three next month. Other tip of the scale, a newspaperman-Peace Corps founder-political worker-author-educator—schoolboy at the start of the war, sixteen-year-old officer before it ended, just thirty-five. All four couples could, if they chose, do less than they do. All of them choose to do more. ("The important thing is to get cracking when you're young, when you have the urgency, and energy to burn"—credo of a twenty-six-year-old banker and District Leader who is also, among a staggering number of other things, secretary to one of the most successful repertory companies in the country, serious amateur sculptor.) In a word, here are doers—aware, adorable, intelligent young people, fully and joyously involved in the present. Here are the users of life. Users of books and museums, users of their talents and possessions, users of themselves—consider in one young woman's "chaos room," the beautiful old French desk of fruitwood and marquetry with its daily Everest of out-correspondence on behalf of a favourite charity, its stash of paperwork on behalf of her husband's campaign for State Assembly . . . in another's New York country kitchen, a butcher's block table set with precious Tobacco Leaf and Meissen at which, between her last class of the afternoon and an eight-thirty curtain, she and her husband will give six friends drinks, good talk, and a rousing fondue. There is nothing, they will all tell you, in the least extraordinary about themselves or the way they use their lives. Nothing extraordinary about the Michael Zimmers who, entirely unaided, have transformed a shambles of ancient Chelsea carriage house into one of the most personal, most enchanting little places in town, discovering with their own hands the hidden fireplaces, the pitched roof, the special charms. Or about Mimi Byers Reed whose day-to-day routine during her husband's political campaign was a rondo of stair-climbing, doorbell-ringing, handshaking in supermarkets, slipping home for her two small daughters' bedtime, slipping out again at five to bring morning coffee to the registrars. Or Kate Roosevelt Haddad. Until *her* husband's campaign taught at a child-care centre in the Bronx, then sailed full-tilt into the political windmill. Turned her living room into temporary headquarters and full-time mise-en-scène for a five-month run of political parties whose numbers remained wildly, and forever, unpredictable. Relished every minute. Or Mrs. Haddad's sister, Sara di Bonaventura. Just into her thirties, wife of a gifted young concert pianist, mother of five, cook and chauffeur to all. Active trustee of her children's school, indefatigable worker for just one charity, keen enjoyer of her own small dinner parties—the preparation and serving (unassisted) of the food, the talk at the table, the impromptu musicales that often follow. Leads, in a minimally staffed house in town, a life so calmly governed by purpose and pleasure in everyday rituals, as to make the most routine day shimmer with warmth and spontaneity. Again, not extraordinary. And that, perhaps, is the most extraordinary thing of all.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



The Zimmers—Comfort, order, beauty are obsessions: to live with style. Our own style."



Michael Zimmer speaking. Architect. Married (year-and-a-half) to Emily Harding Zimmer, Barnard senior, horsewoman, skier, cook. Both dark, narrow, dashing. Love: Bach, the Beatles, Joan Sutherland, Greek folk songs. Twin Pugs, Sam and Rose. Adore, above all, the house they found in Chelsea, restored, and decorated all on their own. Spanking white brick and fresh-paint green, a smile in the soot-veiled face of Chelsea warehouses and garages. No neighbours here, intensely still at night, car a must for the simplest errands—an ambiance of private, country life in the thick of city excitement. The house: Four odd-shaped rooms on four odd levels, three fireplaces, a roof garden (above). Furnished with charm, and very personal: on the bedroom walls (one shown, preceding pages), horse prints and drawings collected since childhood by Mrs. Zimmer; her jewellery hung like a collage; Tchelitchew's sketches for a portrait of her mother. In the garret-studio, a pitched roof discovered and beamed by Mr. Zimmer. In the small, snug red living room, old family pieces and Mrs. Zimmer's own finds covered in yellow silk, black-and-white plaid. In the kitchen (left, below), the soul of the house—open shelves with foodstuffs in large handsome jars, green-glass shaded lamps and utensils hung everywhere, a big, round butcher's block table near a white-brick fireplace. This living intimism, scene of the Zimmers' favourite evenings. Six or eight friends. A soufflé, a carbonnade de boeuf, or a fondue served on the beautiful china that both have inherited, use constantly. Wine in oversize hotel-supply goblets. Talk all night. Finally, the cleaning up and putting away, a chore the Zimmers take real pleasure in—"This whole house is like a collection that we live with daily. Part of the fun is re-establishing it to order."





The Haddads—"We don't treasure 'things.' We're accumulators not collectors."

Kate Roosevelt Haddad speaking. In a soft, firm voice, flashed with humour and intelligence. Married to William Haddad. Parents of Laura, two-and-a-half. Accumulators of personal links. A painting, by William Walton, of the 1960 Kennedy campaign in which Mr. Haddad worked. A Victorian roll-top desk and a big, old leather chair that belonged to Mrs. Haddad's grandparents. A mottled purple Sunderland vase from her mother, with a collar of verse. A great, heavily warted stump of log that she rolled along the beach for a mile during a weekend at her sister's place on Fisher's Island (see Di Bonaventuras, page 90); will sand when she has a moment, use as table. No moments at the moment. Until her husband's recent campaign as Democratic reform candidate for Congress, taught ("magnificently"—William Haddad speaking) at a child-care centre in the Bronx. Plans to return when Laura begins school. Meanwhile, remains active on the board of the school that runs the centre, is her own cook and nanny ("A child is the one thing I could never relegate to someone else."). William Haddad: Youngest officer in World War II (ensign, Merchant Marines, sixteen), a founder and Associate Director of the Peace Corps (book on same due shortly, also a collection of short stories about the sea), newspaperman, consultant to an electronics corporation in educational research, assistant to Robert Kennedy in Senatorial campaign. Mr. Haddad's own five-month spring campaign, conducted largely in the living room (left) of their pleasant, high-ceilinged apartment in the Dakota, recalled by both Haddads as the longest cocktail party of their lives. Waves of Club workers in unpredictable numbers, steadily through every week. Mrs. Haddad's glossiest triumph—experienced rarely—sixty for food and drinks, food and drink for sixty. Both keen to "get to Africa, to see the animals before they're gone." At present, happy to settle for "all the New York pleasures" they love: Concerts, the opera, movies with Alec Guinness or Peter Sellers. Small dinners for which the cook may well be Mr. Haddad, the menu Near East, North African, but masculine and plentiful always. The guests, like themselves, "people who are involved in things, and enjoy talking about them."

BRUCE DAVIDSON





The Reeds—

The important thing: to get cracking when you're young."

Joseph Verner Reed, junior, speaking. Wife, Mimi. Daughters, Serena and Electra. A Yorkshire, Doolittle. Both Reeds, mid-twenties. Tall, swift people. Crackling with energy, exuberance, purpose. Dreams. To scatter everywhere around the city, small, tempting "vest-pocket parks"; to turn Welfare Island into a haven of greenery (two of Mr. Reed's main preoccupations as secretary and trustee of the Park Association); to infuse schoolchildren with some of the Reeds' own love of Shakespeare, by giving them the real thing close-up, first-hand (a dream on the way to reality. This year, in his rôle as board member and secretary of the American Shakespeare Festival, Mr. Reed helped bring over a hundred thousand children to a nine-week season of repertory at Stratford.). He is, as well, assistant to Eugene R. Black, former World Bank head, now with the Chase Manhattan Bank; Republican District Leader; recent candidate for New York State Assembly. His wife—his most ardent campaigner. Endless paperwork, petitioning, handshaking in supermarkets, hot coffee for registrars at five in the morning. Discovers, somehow, small oases of time to be with children, to work seriously for the Heart Fund, for the Women's Auxiliary of New York Hospital. Runs winter house in Hobe Sound ("a shoeless, Robinson Crusoe house on stilts, all mad pinks, oranges, green). Summer place in Connecticut (see left), in which she masses roses in a glory of colour, like eighteenth-century paintings. Likes, in the real heat of summer, the white-and-green freshness of cabbages in bowls of ice water, gleaming against polished wood surfaces. Apartment in town vivid with the Reeds' special enthusiasms. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French pieces, passionately collected, lived with easily. A sculpture by Mr. Reed on a Directoire commode. Walls covered with the old prints and drawings each loves (hers, floral; his, military). His collection of old games-prints, broadsides, graphic oddities, stacked in an English map stand. Both enjoy eight, never more than twelve, for dinner. Enjoyed most the exception: the dinner party they took on the road from New York to Stratford. Forty-five friends in an air-conditioned bus, as thoughtfully set up as their own dining room. Daiquiris, cold chicken supper, a white wine. Richard III at the end of the line.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

The Di Bonaventuras

Basically we live with used family things—to discard any would be like discarding a part of our life."

Mrs. Anthony di Bonaventura speaking. Tall, slim, a golden-beige girl with a gay, easy smile, a look of strength. Married to a brilliant young pianist. Mother of the "five mad musicians"—Christopher with violin, far right, ten years old. Sarina, five, with her father at the piano. Andrea, eight, on the harmonica. Peter, seven, at his mother's shoulder; Betsey, seventeen months, in her arms. This is the way the Di Bonaventuras like to live. With their children ("really wonderful kids, the most enthusiastic people in the world"). With music. With the small, private treasure of their own special world all around them. Here, over the fireplace in her husband's studio, a lion's head drawn by Sara di Bonaventura's grandfather, Dr. Harvey Cushing, when he was fifteen. There, just back of the sofa, a pine trough table at which she, her mother, and her grandmother sat as children, at which they each, in turn, cached leftovers, extra desserts, toys. Elsewhere, the announcement of Betsey's birth returned by Marc Chagall, his own delight in the news recorded by a red-crayon bird nuzzling a beaming pen-and-ink Chagall. In this big, comfortable four-and-a-half storey town house, there is someone to help with the children, a part-time cleaning woman, and Mrs. di Bonaventura—supremely, radiantly in charge. Does all her own cooking—bread a specialty, soup, and razzle-dazzle Italian dishes learned from her mother-in-law. Drives the children to school (is an active trustee on its board). Drives them all over town to their separate music lessons. Drives around all day collecting clothes and toys for the Association for Homemaker Service. Both Di Bonaventuras adore: Summers at Fisher's Island, house packed with family. Evenings at the movies (broody Italian stuff, Bergman, big, gorgeous epics). Evenings with books (he, history; she, French novels, usually in French). Their own dinners for ten, whipped up and served by Mrs. di Bonaventura alone because "That's the way I like it. It's giving something of yourself."

BRUCE DAVIDSON




JANE HOLZER—
AT-HOME
ITALIAN STYLE
DAVID BAILEY

From Italy, where all the fun began: at-home fantasies by Falconetto—on these pages, prints like improbable dreams of pattern and colour, with never-before tints of fox clinging to fabrics that might otherwise float away. From America: looks that sharpen fantasy—the springing lion's-mane hair and great personal dash of Mrs. Leonard Holzer. Green-cactus fox, left, on a slashed chiffon tunic in yellow, burnt orange, and green with fox heads over one bared leg. This, with a green satin skirt and tiny brassière: at Henri Bendel. Flaming orange fox, right, massed at the borders of a coat of satin fireworks—orange, yellow, fuchsia, green—flung over a long sleeveless satin jersey dress in a matching print.





JANE HOLZER—AT-HOME ITALIAN STYLE

Violet fox, left, muffling the neck, lapping at the hem of the thinnest wool tunic in emerald green and a riot of red, fuchsia, and violet flowers. Narrow through the shoulders and long, zipped sleeves; swinging wider at the knee over a long matching skirt, deeply slit on one side. By Falconetto. At Macy's. Cuffs of beige-white fox, right, doubled on a garden of chiffon. Palazzo pyjamas in olive green and shades-of-beige carnations, with a collarless top over straight and gathered panels that show pants when they stir. By Falconetto, at Jordan Marsh, Miami. Mrs. Holzer's glorious coiffures for these photographs: Alexandre.

DAVID BAILEY





Where do they go? Inside. What do they do? They talk, they listen, they pile friends into an atmosphere charged with irresistible gusto. They're a new breed—the people with a definite castle complex, and they're turning their own four walls into the Number One night place. Here and on the pages ahead, their particular kind of roll-out-the-carpet dressing in the very sort of surroundings where this look blooms best . . . seems absolutely inevitable.

THE CASTLE COMPLEX

**ON THESE 14 PAGES,
FASHION AND DECORATING IDEAS FOR
THE LIFE AT HOME**

Above: Inside track for the young—this pale-blue dress of crinkled silk chiffon, affectionately banded in white lace. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; in junior sizes. About $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Alice Caviness. Coiffure: Michael Patrick of House of Revlon. *Right:* A gifted entertainer in a sinuous pink crêpe jumpsuit, a coat of glorious pistache satin trailing over it. Made to order by Arnold Scaasi. Earrings by Laguna, at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure by Sebou of House of Revlon. Both pages: Delman sandals. The mise en scène—with a whir of birds in their own bamboo castle and rivers of light streaming in the great windows—is where Piero Aversa lives, where he paints his modular pictures; the New York apartment that he calls his cabin in the sky.

HORST







Seized by the Castle Complex, only two fashion questions to ask: Is it in character? Will it move? *Left:* A silk burnoose, all bias, with coils of colour that spiral as it moves—vivid yellow, green, pink. By Lucie Ann; about $100. Sway of earrings: Laguna. Taj of India sandals. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Burnoose: Bramson; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Sebou of House of Revlon. *Above:* Spinning from the stairs like a charming black crêpe mobile—Norell's two-piece sailor suit, buckled in brilliants. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Kenneth coiffure.



THE CASTLE COMPLEX

The tower room on both pages—lighted free of charge by New York's tremendous night blaze—nests in the Dakota, last stand of Edwardian manners. Ward Bennett, who lives here, re-thought the room into planes and jutting buttresses. There are lots of flowers, lots of sculpture, and dramatically little of anything else. The enormous calfskin sofa and twirling staircase are Mr. Bennett's designs. The heaping high tea he gives friends who come to see the sunset—the single Edwardianism.

HORST





Left: Nerve centre of a gathering—silvered suit by Norman Norell, top and pants all trembling with beads. At Bonwit Teller; Marie Leavell, Dallas; I. Magnin. Apex Art earrings: Bergdorf Goodman. Halston cap, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Above:* The beautiful barbarian—Norell's coat for a contemporary castle in a rage of orange-and-gold brocade with sable at the wrists. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Taj of India sandals. The coiffures here, by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

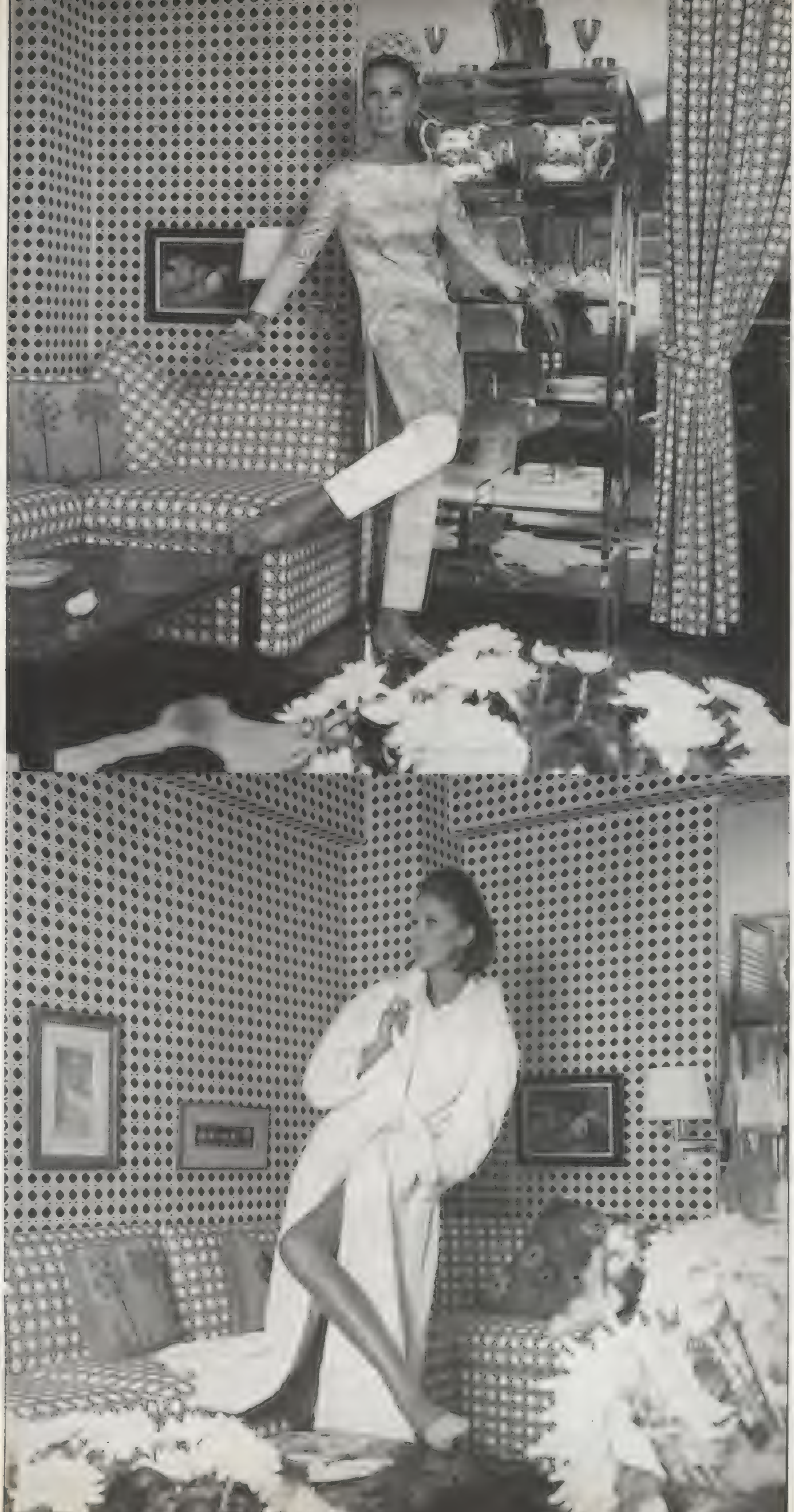
THE CASTLE COMPLEX

Inside Michael Greer's small bed-sitting room (left and above), red flares out like a bugle cry and everywhere you look something wonderful is happening. Flame velvet licks the walls and pulses over rare steel and bronze-doré pieces (the campaign bed was wrought by Napoleon's armourer). When guests dine by this unusual firelight, Mr. Greer surprises one of his Napoleonic tables with a red-and-white polka-dotted linen cover.

A golden lamé shirt and pants that move as quickly and brilliantly as a salamander. By Mr. Blackwell, of metallic threads and nylon. About $70. At Wm. H. Block; Joske's, San Antonio. Halston hat to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Here, a view of the Edwardian gazebo that serves Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen as a bar-pantry-kitchen. Decorated by Inman Cook.

THE CASTLE

In this playful cooking-dining room, its walls patterned with high-rising bamboo-trellises, an outrageous sailor suit with a talent to amuse. White brocade over-blouse—close as a skivvy shirt, over white tiered chiffon trousers. Worn with a necklace that's a long fall of bogus pearls. Shirt and trousers by Bud Kilpatrick. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Necklace by Robert Originals. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.



A power-play borrowed from Pakistan where some Pakistanis currently look like this. A tunic of gold lamé slipped over straight white satin that rounds in at the ankles in order to praise them. Tunic of nylon woven with metallic threads. The costume, by Jane Derby at Henri Bendel; Harold's; I. Magnin. Brania bracelets. Halston cap to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

COMPLEX

Thrilling for dining when the castle is drafty—a Prince Albert dressing gown of bleached white oval mink sides. By Lilly Daché for Wells Treister. Made to order: Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros. Shoes by Taj of India. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. Here—a tiny, town apartment, its horizons opened up with a caning pattern on walls, sofa, curtains. Decorated by Inman Cook for Mrs. de Menocal Simpson's apartment.



THE CASTLE COMPLEX

The heart of this small-country-castle beats for the maximum enjoyment of everyone in it. Banquettes for ornamental resting, paintings to gaze at, big windows to gaze through. What Oscar Wilde meant when he wrote, "I prefer houses to the open air. In a house we all feel of the proper proportions. Everything is subordinated to us, fashioned for our use and our pleasure."

Left: A splendid description, in black mink, of a marvellous figure—close along the body, gypsying the ankles, and vivid with jet. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter of black-dyed mink. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Arpad ring. Delman sandals. Halston cap; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Above:* With a straight-faced shirt of white Swiss organdie, the most giddily attractive pants—tier after tawny tier of guinea-hen feathers. Pants and shirt, both made to order at Arnold Scaasi. *Below left:* Easeful and golden, a light metallic-cloth toga rippled down from a deep, high collar. By Ruth Bekker for Chezelle, of rayon fabric woven with Lurex threads. About $35. Earrings by Schiaparelli. Both at Henri Bendel. Halston hat; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Below right:* A leggy, long white dress knitted of rayon ribbons, slashed to the knee, shouldered in white-dyed mink. By Pam Stewart; about $225 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures: Kenneth.

HORST

THE CASTLE COMPLEX

No listless chicks—but a giant jolt of [illegible], along with delphiniums from[illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Hart of [illegible]. Summer transplanted for the winter weekends they relish.

Above: The colour that casts a soft, flattering glow—pale apricot, in a long at-home dress of glimmering brocade, hemmed in deep drifts of fox dyed the same colour. By Perfect, of rayon and acetate woven with metallic threads. At Hattie Carnegie; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Necklaces by Marvella; at Lord & Taylor. *Opposite:* The quilt that comes down to dinner in the colour of flickering candlelight. By Barbizon, of acetate and rayon, with a quilt-fill of Kodel. About $18 at Macy's, New York; Miller & Rhoads; Weinstock Lubin, Sacramento. New kick: white knee garter by House of Joy; at Serendipity 3. The coiffures, by Kenneth.

HORST



Left: For a modern castle—where the *chauffage* is *central*—icy blue brocade with an un-sleeved bodice, pretty belled skirt. Vogue Pattern 6000. Glittering necklaces by Alice Caviness, at Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Warm sunflower-yellow brocade for a princesse dress with long tight sleeves. Designed by Jacques Heim. Vogue Paris Original Model 1345. Vendôme earrings: Bloomingdale's. Both pages: Julianelli shoes. Coiffures by Kenneth. Fabrics, other views, yardages, on page 170

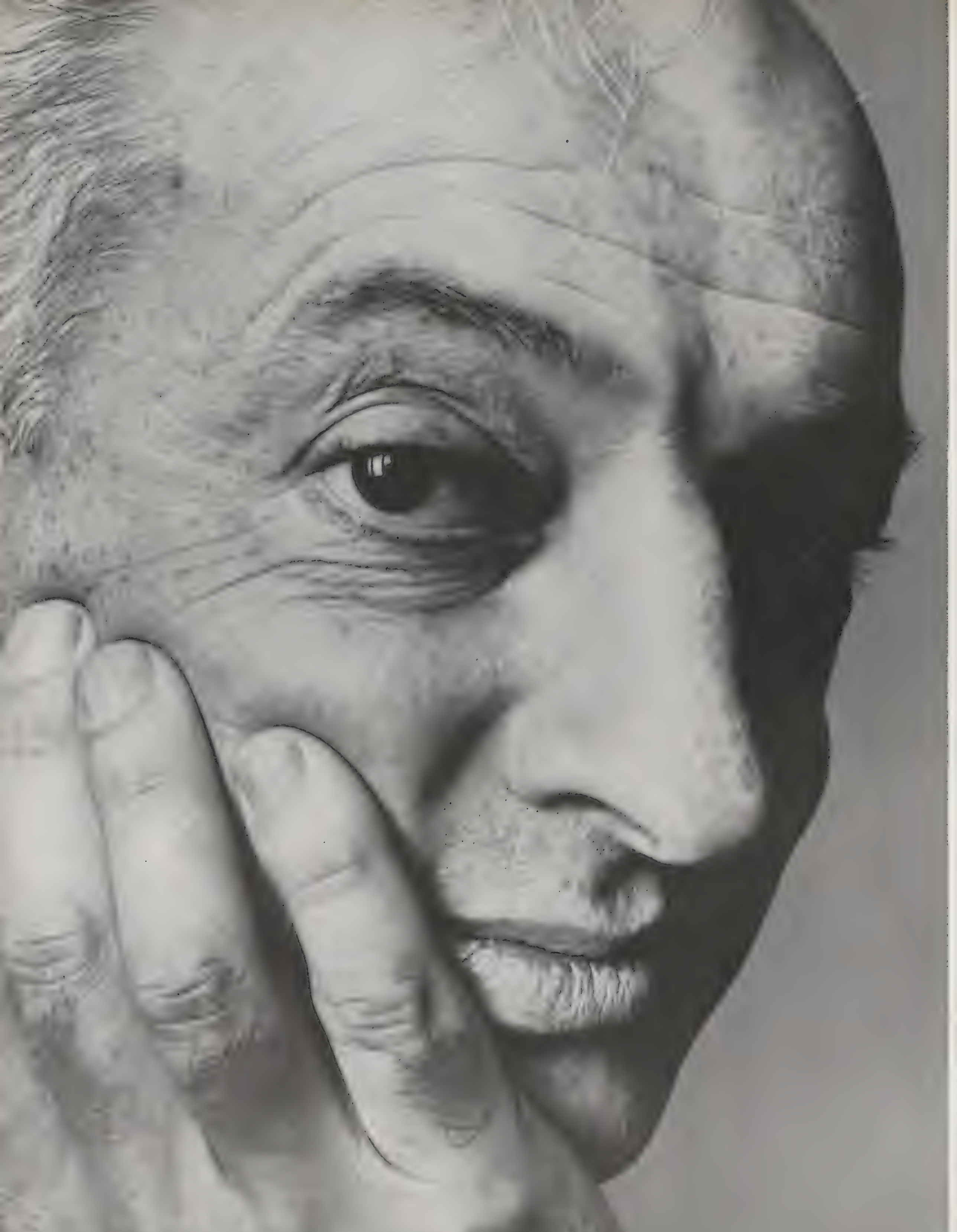
THE CASTLE COMPLEX

John Vesey's marvellously clean comfortable strokes of furniture are the background on both pages—a chair and ottoman of gleaming polished stainless steel, covered with the softest brown suède. At once spare, warm, and inviting, Mr. Vesey's pieces have a simplicity that shines brightest mixed with a touch of opulence—a big, deep fur rug perhaps?

VOGUE PATTERN 6000



VOGUE PATTERN 1345



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The relief of decision, now that the elections are over. . . . "The Concerned Generation," a phrase some politicians found for the young activists in both parties. . . . *The Act of Creation*, the new Arthur Koestler book which shows his burnished intellect, his monumental grasp of the arts, of science, his witty style as he straddles the conscious and unconscious patterns of the creative process. . . . The catastrophe of the Ingmar Bergman movie, *All These Women*, a comedy that gives humour a low blow.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Cambridge Circus*, a new revue, written, performed, and brought to New York by six young Englishmen and one girl, all under twenty-five, whose major assets are their knockabout slapstick sight gags, their switchblade deftness, their gaiety, and their covered-up pleasure in their own cleverness. . . . The intense musicianship, the depth of feeling of the cellist, Dimitry Markevitch. . . . In Rome, the night place, Rouge et Noir, small, informal, with a good pianist. . . . The cultural insiders whose relaxing specialty is science fiction, particularly the works of James Blish but not those of Arthur C. Clarke and Ray Bradbury. . . . In London, the Henry Livings play, *Eh?*, with its star, David Warner, big, gawky, playing a boilerman with devastating, anarchic innocence. . . . The bursting exhibition of the works of Alexander Calder completely filling the Guggenheim Museum—his mobiles, stabiles, mobile-stabiles, wood and bronze sculptures, his kinetic experiments, his jewellery, tapestries, his toys. . . . Secret Agent Boysie Oakes, timid, scared, with a fondness for Bach, a white Jaguar, and sexy secretaries, in the new, exciting book, *The Liquidator*, by John Gardner.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The strong, masculine sculpture by Lynn Chadwick, the great English artist, whose exhibition is now at the New York gallery of Knoedler. . . . The handsome, sensible, illustrated book, *Great Dishes of the World*, by Robert Carrier who suggests that everyone can feel the delight of being abroad while at home, if his recipes are followed, thus ignoring George Bernard Shaw's dictum: "I dislike feeling at home when I'm abroad." . . . The skill, the clear analysis of strategy, the fascination of the CBS-TV program about World War I. . . . Alan Hovhaness whose unique new symphonic poem, "Meditation on Zeami," had its first performance at a concert by the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted with the knowledge of fifty-five years of directing by Leopold Stokowski, an old man who listens to contemporary composers. . . . In Paris, the Pierre Daninos best seller, *Snobissimo*, a small, amusing dissertation on snobbery with the snobs reading Kant, the comic book, *Tintin*, and, of course, Daninos. . . . The diversion of trying to see John Huston as he directs the film, *The Bible*, just outside Rome, where his protectors fend off friends by saying, "It is impossible to see him now, he's up at Gomorrah."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Life with Picasso* by Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake who have collaborated on a book, fresh as a peach, in which Gilot remembers delightfully, specifically, and intelligently the amusement, the bewilderment, and some of the pain of her ten years of living with Picasso; she recalls, like the swipe of a cleaver, the art dealers, the artists, the rivals who passed through the studios. . . . The extraordinary blazing photographic montages—Negro faces, streets, jazz players, children on stoops—often taken from his own paintings by Romare Bearden who recently had an exhibition of his work at New York's Cordier and Ekstrom gallery. . . . The increase in the past five years of the number of amateur movies in which friends in fancy clothes act out improvised plots for their own amusement. . . . Plaza 9-, a nightclub, small, red, and gold-filled where the new Julius Monk revue," Bits and Pieces XIV," is relentlessly topical—and funny—and so fast and slick it could be skated on. . . . Igor Stravinsky who prefers to escape from work by looking at television commercials, which are "more intellectual than the features."

SAUL BELLOW, MASTER WRITER

In one Nureyev leap, Saul Bellow suddenly, after twenty years and five novels, has become with his sixth, *Herzog*, the big American novelist, a disciplined craftsman, a creator of characters that stick in the mind as though written with ink and epoxy. Just after *Herzog* appeared, Bellow's first full-length play, *The Last Analysis*, showed up for a short time on Broadway. It swung surrealistically, witty, cracked, sometimes on target, sometimes far off, its central character, Bummidge, an aging actor who psychoanalyzed himself on a closed television circuit. Bummidge and Herzog are blood brothers and their second cousin is Bellow, a slight, greying University of Chicago professor. His talk is delightful, colloquial, forthright. His eyes, ringed like those of an eagle, are older than his handsome face—and his mind is far older than both, overflowing with a marvellous ranging erudition. In describing Moses Herzog, the slight, greying professor, Bellow wrote that Herzog thought he was going out of his mind and began writing "endlessly, fanatically, to the newspapers, to people in public life, to friends and relatives, and at last to the dead, his own obscure dead, and finally the famous dead." In addition, Herzog "sometimes imagined he was an industry that manufactured personal history, and saw himself from birth to death." (So Bummidge saw himself.) In between, Herzog leads a full and often ridiculous life, set down with gusto, with massive and subtle invention, rounded and ripe. Bellow, after twenty years, has at last caught up with his own brilliance.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORD SNOWDON

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AT EASE

In a white house near Vevey, looking over Lake Geneva to the Swiss Alps beyond, Charles Chaplin with his wife Oona (above) and some of their eight children live happily in comfort but not with great luxury. When these photographs were taken, Chaplin had finished his autobiography, which he had worked on for seven years, was waiting for its publication in October. Now that Chaplin has said that he will never act again, he has become fascinated by the art of writing: "It's all construction, isn't it? Even the simplest sentence. And while you're working on the construction, it's so easy for the exact shade of your meaning to get distorted." These days he is busy on two projects, one of them a slapstick comedy film script for his son, Sydney, the other an opera for which he will do the music and the libretto, perhaps adapting Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. On summer evenings at Vevey, Chaplin likes to barbecue steaks in the garden for dinner on the terrace. Afterwards, Mrs. Chaplin shows movies in the drawing room—sometimes Chaplin's 1928 film, *The Circus*. For years the most famous comedian in the world—and its most controversial one—Chaplin enjoys his active retirement, partly because he has had the good fortune to be married to a woman with a genius for private life.

BY FRANCIS WYNDHAM



Tensions not only rack man; they support him.

Marriage is the best general analogy of existing. It is the most familiar polar situation, with the most familiar tension.

As with all tensional states, marriage is harassed by a myth and a reality. The myth is that of the Perfect Marriage, a supposedly achievable state, akin to Parahades, of absolute harmony between the partners. The reality is whatever is the case, every actual marriage.

Almost all married couples normally try to give the public, their friends, and even their children, a Perfect Marriage version of their own marriage; if they do not, then they still express and judge the extent of their failure by the standards of the Perfect Marriage.

The characteristic gauges of the supposedly Perfect Marriage are passion and harmony.

But passion and harmony are antipathetic. A marriage may begin in passion and end in harmony, but it can not be passionate and harmonious at the same time.

Marriages without mutual hatred or quarrels from their very beginning; I could also write music in which every interval was of a perfect fourth. But I would not call it perfect music.

Most marriages recognize this paradox; that passion destroys passion. That we want what puts an end to wanting what we want. This is the Midas Situation.

An intelligent married couple might therefore come to this conclusion: we wish to retain passion in our marriage, and so we should deliberately quarrel, and hate, in order to swing back together with more force.

Perhaps women initiate marital quarrels more frequently than men; they know more about keeping passion alive.

There comes a time when passion costs too much in quarrels. To survive familiarity, dailiness, it needs more and more violent separations.

Either the two poles quarrel more and more violently inside marriage or they look for new passion, a new pole, outside it.

For every Don Juan a hundred who would like to be Don Juan; for every Clytemnestra, a hundred Clytemnestras in their dreams.

The marriage full of hate: the partners may come to enjoy it. It provides frequent opportunities for inverted pleasures. It is a mistake to think that overt hatred in a marriage is a sign that the partners would be happier apart.

In the early stages of marriage, passion is good, a great human experience; and must be fed. But harmony is attained by controlling passion, or the nostalgia for it.

Passion can be controlled in only one way: by being sacrificed.

A misconception: that the transposition from passion to harmony is no more than the death of passion, a first sign of old age.

But passionate marriage is animal; harmonious marriage is human.

In passion we feel near the heart of things; but we are near the heart of *things*—nearer them than the heart of man.

In passion everything is between thee and me; in harmony it is between them and us. I-thou is passion, we-they is harmony.

The practical pole of harmony is discord; the true pole of harmony is not-harmony, nothingness or notness.

marriage, passion,

Not uncontrolled and active hostility between partners, but controlled not-harmony. Periods of disconnection from the relationship.

Having conquered the passion tension, a couple can transpose to socially more useful, or socially less harmful, tensions outside their marriage.

Passion is necessary in its season. We do not really possess anything until we have possessed it with passion.

All I say about marriage is stale: every middle-aged and still happily married couple knows it. But my purpose is to point out that in our metaphorical marriage to pleasure, and in particular to the pleasures of being secure, doing good, and experiencing beauty, we develop the same kind of passionate relationship as we do in marriage. We feel passionately about them, but in order to continue to feel so, we have increasingly to resort to their counterpoles.

We are passionate about sensuous pleasure and security from the moment we are born; and later, about beauty and about good.

But there comes a period, on average though not necessarily about the thirtieth year of life, when we should transpose from passionate to harmonious tensions. In our addiction to passion we begin then to countersupport the counterpoles. We develop a taste for insecurity, personal or in others, in order more passionately to savour our own actual security. Evil increasingly fascinates us. Ugliness becomes necessary and desirable as the counterpole that gives us our passionate experience of beauty.

Security—but do not breed insecurity to make it sweeter. Beauty—but do not breed ugliness to set it off. Good—but do not breed evil to exercise it.

A complicating factor: that at any time there is a group in society who are at the age when the passionate experience is their right, their desire, and almost their duty—that is, the young.

We recognize childhood and adolescence, and do not allow them to form our adult societies and mores. But we surrender to the preadult, when passion governs all.

Like some great wind (the prudes would say "like some great disease") this thing [sex], both inalterable biological fact and historical emotional concept, increasingly affects everything in our societies.

Love is the desire to maintain a relationship irrespective of the sexual, and, in the final analysis, any other enjoyment to be got from it.

When Meaulnes eventually refound his *domaine perdu, domaine sans nom,* when at last he met the mysterious Yvonne de Galais again, what did he do? He ran away after the very first night of their marriage.

One can not come through unscathed without the risk of scathe; and if one wants the pleasure of being unscathed one wants the scathe, as much, and as long.

Moving the Golden Fleece further into Colchis would not have prevented Jason's sailing; or his subsequent disastrous marriage.

If one's view of life is warped by the distorting tendencies of a wrongly orientated and insecure society, pleasure can come to seem a responsibility; while responsibility can rarely come to seem what it can be, a pleasure.

How many marriages break because so many marriages break?

However harmless it is, whenever a change of social habits brings more pleasure into the world, some older people will object, simply because they had to do without the change when they were young; and others will frantically and foolishly try to catch up.

love...."my side of the dialogue" by John Fowles

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Fowles, a dark-haired, scholarly Englishman with a distinct bent towards the disturbing, the curious, the macabre, mixed with a liking for old china, is the author of two quite different books. In* The Collector, *now being made into a movie, he wrote a stylized, coldly passionate novel about an obsessed clerk with a lunatic's logic who first collected butterflies and then one delicate girl. Now, in his latest book, from which this excerpt comes*—The Aristos, A Self-Portrait in Ideas, *just published by Little, Brown and Company—he gives his thoughts, some sensible, some disputable, on many subjects. They are ideas that may put many minds on edge.*

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THE MARVELLOUS AT HOME

Marvellous looks switched on at home play a dazzling allure over evening—lighting up everything for rooms around with warmth and brilliance, generating the charge that runs through a party and inspirits it until dawn. **MRS. LEONARD HOLZER,** *left,* comes on irresistible —in New York, Palm Beach, points east. Everything about her instinctive and marvellous, as beautifully uncomplicated as her torrent of pale lionized hair. She wears Dior's purple satin dinner suit, larger than life and enveloping as evening. The jacket embraces an incendiary jewelled blouse, a wonderful splurge of skirt all designed to floor the world. Abraham satin. Jewellery and shoes by Dior. **MADAME XAVIER GIVAUDAN,** *opposite,* comes on breathtaking—in Paris, Geneva, points west. Exotic beauty touched off by a piquant wit and shining at home amid the eighteenth century she loves to collect. She wears Dior's Sèvres-pink cloqué pyjamas cut with unprecedented largesse, the extravagant trousers at one with the jewel-fringed blouse. Lesage silk. Dior jewellery. Costumes: I. Magnin.

PENN





THE MARVELLOUS AT HOME

Covert looks come on charged—as Paris throws the switch on evening: shoulders, arms concealed in an electrifying strike of colour, the more marvellously to receive at home. *Left:* Receiving for dinner, Cardin's splendent fuchsia and jet shirtwaist turns the century to the hour of the Gibson Girl — minute waist ringed in black faille, curve of fuchsia satin. In Abraham satin, at I. Magnin. Roger Faré gloves. *Right:* Dinner dance at home — Dior's ardent fretwork of apricot chenille drops as softly as a shoulder-throw, to fringe a pale-peach shaft of light. Jacket and crêpe dress in America at Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Jewellery by Dior. The coiffures on these four pages, by Roger of Alexandre.

PENN





NEW WHEELS IN TOWN— THE '65 CARS, THE CLOTHES THAT SWITCH THEM ON

At home on the road—that's the feeling of the next cars: sleeked-down, lower, longer, with interiors as comfortable and luxurious as snappy salons. Upholstery is beautiful. Extra leg-room is beautiful. Metallic colour-in-depth enamel finishes are beautiful. Even the wheels are beautiful—spoky, strong-looking, un-hub-capped, with new striped tires that are zippy, young (had you ever thought of young tires?). With all this beauty, we added more: clothes that are also at home on the road, or arriving at a party that might well be *chez*-someone-else. Both cars and clothes, on the pages starting here: marvellously shaped, exciting to be in, and equipped with a quick sense of this minute's action—not just seeing it, being it. *Opposite,* a spectacular long mink coat with dropped waist, wide hem, worn with a white satin jumpsuit necklined in crystal beads. This, stepping aboard a 1965 Cadillac de Ville, shown from the taillight that stops a new, serenely unfinned back fender. This car, with a telescopic steering wheel that adjusts to height and six tilt positions, a driver's-door lock that opens or locks all doors simultaneously, and one-half inch more over-all length (almost all new cars subscribe to *demi-longueur,* adding a smattering of inches). Coat, of Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Coat and jumpsuit, designed by Emeric Partos; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. All coiffures, these car pages, by Pierre of the House of Revlon. *Left,* the Courrèges raciness—perfect now for highways, byways, parties: boots for evening, completing a suit with an above-the-knee hem, all made of pink paillette cloth with a dreamy shimmer. Fabric by Malhia. The costume, at I. Magnin.



A car that pushes comfort, convenience, great looks: the 1965 Cadillac de Ville convertible coupe—meant to be at home with wonderful furs, beads, boots, a jumpsuit. More excitement of new cars and clothes, on the next eight pages.

PENN

GENE LAURENTS





AUTOMOBILE CLASSIC: THE 1907 RACE FROM PEKING TO PARIS BY CAR. BY LUIGI BARZINI

Today still one of the most breathtaking automobile adventures of all time, this great 1907 race began with the following challenge in the Paris paper, *Matin:* "Will anyone agree to go, this summer, from Peking to Paris by motorcar?" It was answered by, among others, Prince Scipione Borghese, and resulted in an unprecedented trip across China, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, and Siberia, where the road changed to a riverbed, to a railroad track—or to nothing. With the Prince went a young Italian journalist, Luigi Barzini, father of Luigi Barzini, author of the recent high-keyed, outspoken book, *The Italians.* These excerpts are from the 1908 book that Barzini, *père,* wrote immediately after his extraordinary journey:

" 'The Peking to Paris race begins on the tenth of June,' my editor said. 'You can travel first across the States and the Pacific, and see some interesting things on your way—the close of the Thaw trial in New York; the rebuilding of San Francisco; how Japan is recovering from the war. . . .'

"In Paris, at the office of the *Matin,* great meetings had been held to discuss this race. The route of Turkestan via Samarkand, that of Manchuria via Mukden, and that of the Altai Mountains had all been pronounced equally impracticable. The only possible route was then that of Mongolia via Kalgan and Kiakhta. The *Matin* compared this voyage with one of Polar discovery. The mass of the public said, more uncompromisingly than the competitors themselves: 'Peking to Paris *is* an impossible project.' Out of the twenty-five cars entered for the race, only five finally (Continued on next page)



On the road to greatness, opposite: the little fitted jacket and britches of black broadtail, and the 1965 Pontiac Grand Prix—silver-mauve outside, aubergine inside, with a rakish shape, wheels with spokes like children's jacks, a vinyl hardtop, and a grille with a two-drawer look. Suit, designed by Emeric Partos, of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklace by Apex Art: at Bergdorf Goodman.

Above, a grey squirrel dress, at home with a new Oldsmobile Delta 88 in midnight blue—rounded sides and windows, a front seat that switches from bench to bucket, a brushed aluminum dash. The dress, with a high cuffed neck, high satin belt, cropped mid-calf over tall silvery boots. By Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport, of Russian natural squirrel; at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Sakowitz. Mimi di N earrings at Bonwit Teller. Evins boots.

GENE LAURENTS

presented themselves. The first three were machines of French make and the fourth, Dutch; our car, a 40-h.p. Itala, was powerful but heavy, the others less powerful but light. . . .

Ettore Guizzardi, Prince Borghese's and my pleasant traveling companion, is a chauffeur not by training but by nature. The first time that I saw him he was lying on his back under the Itala—motionless, with folded arms. I thought for a moment that he was working. But no! he was at play—when he has nothing special on hand he stretches himself out under his motorcar, and contemplates it piece by piece—in long, strange colloquy with his machine.

"Prince Borghese might have been a general or a Lord Chief Justice. He recognizes merit: he can gauge with wonderful accuracy the power of a mind or of a hand, the strength and resistance of a machine. His whole plan and organization of the Peking to Paris race is a proof of this right judgment of his. And no less than the talent of judging, he possesses the power of will. He can endure hunger, thirst, exhaustion, and say to himself: I am *not* hungry, I am *not* thirsty, I am *not* tired. When I saw Prince Borghese for the first time he wore his khaki suit, in which he was to accomplish the motor journey, and which gave him somewhat the appearance of an English officer. He is thirty-five years old. By his face you would think he was forty; by his lithe, strong, slim body, twenty-five. Don (Continued on next page)



Stars above: The long yellow coat—a sable-lined radiance of moire en route to an evening at home, worn here over a white satin jumpsuit. . . . The navy-blue car with the vinyl hardtop—Ford's new Galaxie 500 LTD, a beautifully bred mix of raciness, reserve, and good clean lines. The coat, by Ritter Bros., of Hurel-TSM fabric; with a lining of natural Russian Crown Sable. At Dayton's; Bullock's-Wilshire; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Opposite, the dashing way to arrive at a small party this winter: In lacquered black satin—narrow pants and close jacket buttoned in rhinestones over a shirt of black ciré chiffon. . . . In the uninterrupted sweep of a 1965 Ford Mustang Fastback; its rear deck, a single slant of bright red; its wheels, some of the most raffish around—tires double-striped in red, a look of no hub-caps. Rudi Gernreich suit, of acetate and nylon (Bucol-Kandelaft fabric). At Henri Bendel; D. H. Holmes; Neiman-Marcus. Vendôme earrings; at Bloomingdale's. GENE LAURENTS







Scipione has always had a passion for the most difficult forms of sport. As an Alpinist he has conquered the most rugged Alpine peaks—and without a guide, and even in the depth of winter—just for the love of overcoming. Mountain-climbing, motor-driving, horse-breaking, are a training for the leadership of men.

The body of the car consisted of two front seats, for Prince Borghese and the chauffeur, and a back seat for myself. On either side of my seat was fastened a long cylindrical tank for benzine. Our luggage was to be roped on, over the tool box and water tank. Under the front seats was placed our store cupboard, containing mostly tinned meat. . . . There is in Peking an old-established carriers' business, a kind of private postal service, to all parts of the Chinese Empire. Prince Borghese asked this transport service to take his car to Kalgan. And the manager, a lanky Chinaman as tall as a flagstaff, presented himself at the Italian Legation to look at the *chi-cho*, or motorcar. The thin man pronounced judgment: the *chi-cho* was heavier than a mountain. But if the noble and venerable Lord Po (this meant Borghese) could lighten it its transport could be effected by twenty-five men and four mules. We made the machine lighter by dismounting the body of the car, and substituting for it a modest seat ingeniously made out of a packing-case. Our machine underwent a complete transformation. Simple and slim, it conveyed an immediate impression of purpose and of 'go.' It had lost all trace of luxury or comfort. It had become possessed of a new kind of beauty—the beauty of naked form." (Continued on page 159)

Home is where the jumpsuit is—the one at left, of white Indian lamb, smartly at home with the 1965 Thunderbird that features new fender folds, pin-striped tires, back lights that flash in a Broadway-like sequence to signal turns, and this new stopper: disc brakes that keep cool and smooth. The jumpsuit, with a neck-baring collar, high belt, and straight pants, is worn with these great ideas: little silk shoes with jewelled buckles, lace stockings.

Above, the new Lincoln Continental in white, and the same jumpsuit—here, with its long overskirt of black lamb wrapped with a black satin belt. This car, an established beauty, with few changes in its aloof simplicity: one refinement is the new horizontally sculptured grille. The interior, a beautiful living room that purrs. News in the works: disc brakes, turn-signal lights that show from the sides. Jumpsuit, both pages, of white-dyed Indian broadtail lamb; overskirt, black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. Both, by Maximilian. Necklace: Robert Originals.

Above: Under a flame of orange cotton poplin lined in Argentine kit fox, a white tunic and pants with one foot in heaven —the Corvair Corsa sports coupe, a spanky new hardtop in pearly mauve with wire wheels, chrome lugs. Knitted worsted pants and tunic; by Zacari; about $66. Modelia coat; about $180. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coat, also at Dayton's. *Below:* Warming the bonnet of a sleeked, silent '65 Imperial Crown 4-door hardtop, a sleeked, slim, strapless overblouse and pants in black cloqué. Warming them: a toss of natural white mink cardigan with small sleeves. This whole pants turn-out—spectacular for evenings at home in a castle or car. All by Monte-Sano & Pruzan; at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* Bronze suède pantboots and overblouse, under a fur to feel sheltered in—Canadian red fox cape, side-closed: Adolfo's kit fox helmet masked in leopard. The nifty new Dodge Monaco 2-door hardtop has the sheltered idea too: wicker panels indoors, a vinyl roof above-doors. Costume by Laurence Kaye; at J. W. Robinson; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

GENE
LAURENTS

DALIAH LAVI

"The most perfect woman I have ever met"

BY EDNA O'BRIEN

Her skin is the colour of dusk and her favourite colour shirt is gold. Black silken hair severely parted in the centre, solid, beautiful cheekbones, and the whites of her eyes like a baby's. Daliah Lavi is probably the most perfect woman I have ever met. Her happiness—and she exudes happiness—she attributes to her doing the things she likes to do regardless of whether they bring her money or not.

"I am not getting hysterics, I am not getting lost, I am never really *hurted*," she said.

We met in her London flat where she sat like a gazelle among her treasures. Ivory horses and horses of stone excavated from Chinese graves, an enormous wolf skin, a carved chest from Sicily, tapestries. She has a sereneness, and a way of looking at things that few women of twenty-two have. She knows the cracks in the hoofs of her ivory horses and she knows the character of a face from its expression. London is her adopted home but she was born and reared in a small town in Israel. Her father was a gardener; her family was poor; her mother was, and still is to her the perfect symbol for woman: friend, mother, and woman all in one. Daliah Lavi left home at twelve to study classical ballet in Sweden. After four years of studying she had to abandon dancing because of her health. She became a model then and at seventeen got her first part in an Israeli film. Although she is now well-known as an actress (she will be seen next in *Lord Jim*), she says her private life is more important than her career and if there would be a choice she would choose living. [Among her movies are *Two Weeks in Another Town, One Evening on the Beach, Candide, Blessed Sand, The Prison of Dr. Mabuse,* and *Demon.*]

"I am not pushing, I am not for star," she said. No secretary, no publicity stunts. She washes her own hair, cooks her own food, drinks only juices, and wishes for herself the perfect triangle in life: Health, Love, Security. She was glowingly in love. With an Irishman. Love is the answer.

"You lose egotistic; you lose all the tense; you are not made nasty by anything; you love," she said. The thing she values most in a man is comprehension. Her judgment of women is kind but astute: "They are calculative, like a snake they get where they want."

Apart from cooking, living, drawing, listening to classical music she loves "being with the sea, being rustic, and being with horses." She would never be psychoanalyzed: "I am my own psychiater, and the answer and the solution I find in myself." She believes in God as a force but she does not like attending church or synagogue, and as for politics she says: "Politics and War are a game for children and they are a very big mess."

Unlike Daliah Lavi who is both beautiful and true.

DAVID BAILEY







THE PALAZZO COMPLEX

When it comes to designing clothes for looking ravishing around the palazzo in, Principessa Irene Galitzine is unsurpassed. She invented—and continues to make, triumphantly—palazzo pyjamas for entertaining at home; this year, they're apt to plunge daringly low at the back, and to have ruffles somewhere . . . On another level, she makes nightdresses, peignoirs, and pyjamas of unabashed charm and allure, in glorious pale colours and delicious fabrics—crisply-dotted silk organdies, laces, ruffled chiffons, heavy satins, cobweb-thin challis, and other delights. Straight-legged pyjamas, above—a fresh little turnout from the Galitzine lingerie collection. Pyjama pants and jacket of mist-light flannel, beguilingly ruffled—Galitzine adores ruffles, this year; blouse of sheer chiffon. All fresh as lettuce in white with a tiny, allover green Paisley print. Satin sheath, cloud of chiffon, right—one of Galitzine's really spectacular charmers. Beautifully fluid, draped nightdress of pale-mauve satin, belted high with a long, flowing ribbon; peignoir of pale apple-green chiffon, edged with yards of ruffling. Both coiffures by Vergottini of Milan.

HENRY CLARKE







PRINCIPESSA LUCIANA PIGNATELLI—AND THE PALAZZO COMPLEX

. . . two marvellous at-home-in-the-palazzo ideas from Italy; both worn by Principessa Luciana Pignatelli, a young Brazilian-Italian beauty with enormous blue eyes, a mane of blond hair streaked with the bright meches the Italians call *colpo di sole*. Gold cloqué lamé, *left*, with the true Galitzine magnificence—heavy, gleaming, the top cut and seamed like a doublet of chain mail. Earrings by Mimi di N. Evening coat *folie* in white ostrich, white mink, *right*—most glorious way to arrive at a party since sedan-chairs went out. By Valentino, it opens over his long bias-cut white crêpe dress. Pearl and diamond jewellery by Bulgari. Both pages: coiffures by Elizabeth Arden's Rome Salon by Imo. Setting, the Hostaria dell'Orso, in Rome—where some of the most gala at-home evenings are apt to wind up.

Galitzine's golden sheath, Valentino's giddy froth of white ostrich, white mink

HENRY CLARKE



NEW VISIONS IN THE FIELD OF SLEEP

The idea now is to float off to sleep in the finest things you can find - fabrics that are no more than a gentle stir of air, and quite often dawny pink. Lace is right in the night again, and the fluff of marabou is a light amusement blowing about the new peignoirs.

Opposite: A rosy-pink double silk chiffon peignoir with the stir of marabou everywhere.
By Karam; about $115 at Altman's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

Above: The art here—artlessness. A pale-pink nightdress of tricot with a rim of white lace at the neck and more lace edging the wide panels of pleats.
By Hollywood Vassarette in tricot of Du Pont nylon.
About $30 at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's.

The swinging hair (both pages): Kenneth's idea.

NEW VISIONS IN THE FIELD OF SLEEP

In these night floats, only the fabrics are as elusive as smoke—the fashion is strong and clear.

This page: Perfectly simple drift of pink, dazzled with tiny black dots, and banded by rivers of pitch-black lace. By Eve Stillman, of nylon tricot; about $25 at Lord & Taylor; Bramson; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

Opposite: The late news line: a cropped top covered in rows of lace, and long fan-pleated culottes—both in the colour of the waist they bare. By Christian Dior, of airy tricot of Du Pont nylon; about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures by Kenneth.


HORST



BEAUTY BULLETIN

Take away clothes—brief everything, cut out restrictions; free, lighten—and what have you? Today's real beauty revolution....

THE UPSHOT OF BARENESS

The bikini brought it on—and that was only the beginning. Established now, and possibly forever (or as forever as fashion ever gets), is the new sense of skin as a part of fashion, a reflection of glorious health. The upshot of bareness is more bareness. Bare ears, foreheads, backs of necks. Bare knees, arms, feet. Bared also: the skin's light, the body's scent, the hair's glory.

THE UPSHOT OF BARENESS—SCENT IS FOR REAL

There was this old early American perfume rule: Save it and you can keep it. Use such a teeny tiny bit of it that you will have more to use a teeny tiny bit of another day. Leave that excruciatingly valuable bottle of terribly precious stuff wound with the little gold cords it came with, sealed and stoppered on your dressing table, and you'll have it as long as you live. Measure those drops of delicious bath oil into the bath with an eyedropper and even if you don't catch a whiff of them, the bottle will last till Christmas. That was the way it was and everyone knew it—nothing whatever could be caught of fragrance from a mile away.

But all the rules are changing. The new nakedness is opening up a whole new territory of attraction.

All that skin is showing. And it can't just stand there. (Continued next page)

BLACK LACE LEOTARD

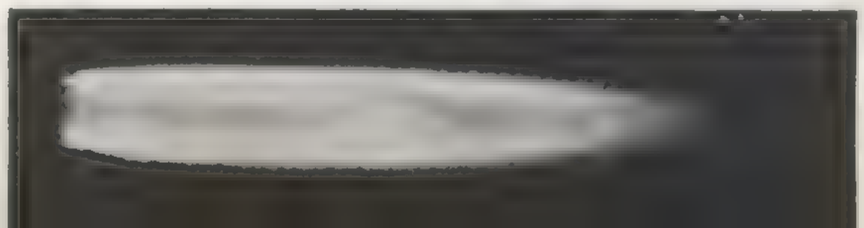
Worn at left by Mrs. Leonard Holzer, one of the skimmy new all-in-nothings that explain everything about the new upshot of bareness. First, there's all that skin (here, as creamy as it should be). Second, there's the aura of scent. Third, and more unmissably now that clothes have been stripped down to true briefness, there is the dazzle of shining, spilling blond hair.... Helanca nylon skim by Bewitching, $15. Lord & Taylor.

THE UPSHOT OF BARENESS—SKIN IS THE STUFF

Listen to the system of one famous beauty whose skin texture is one of her more noteworthy accomplishments. After her bath each day, she covers herself with a frothy, butter-coloured cream that is very moist but not greasy. She smooths a clean-smelling white cream on her arms because "it makes them shine." In the sun, she protects her eyelids and her mouth with a sun-stick. She feels that "good skin has blood running through it," so she exercises whenever she can, swims ditto, and has her neck, shoulders, and feet massaged twice a week. After her bath, she scrubs vigorously with a Turkish towel to rev up circulation. "Feet, like faces, should be moist, soft, firm; heels smooth, toes, too," said she. (And of her feet, somebody once said, "My goodness, you could shake hands with them.") Three times a day she pumices her heels. The moment she gets home, she de-shoes, walks around barefoot, uses her toes like fingers—picking up pencils, playing cards—"Pencils are easy, cards are hard." Sometimes she paints a rim of rouge around the heel above the sole—"Young girls' feet, you'll notice, are always pink." Even the instep she holds greatly important; it should be firm and moist. So much for (Continued next page)

THE UPSHOT OF BARENESS—HAIR IS THE ABSOLUTE

Possibly the biggest single surprise to come out of the new fashion for bareness is this: suddenly the eye sweeps on to catch the rest of the panorama—the climax of hair in what had better be its full glory. Hair lit with health, with strength, with dazzle. Hair that's blond, more often than not—and more often blond now than ever before.... To whom is blondness possible now? To the woman who will listen closely to exactly what blondness entails: To go upwards in hair-colouring by quite a lot, over the entire head, there is really only one route. This is by way of pre-lightening, which cancels out all of the natural colouring and prepares the hair to receive whatever shade is wanted—and then by the application of that colour choice. No rinse, no "semi-permanent" device can take darkish hair into the upper reaches of sunniness, though either of these processes can brighten hair to a fair degree.... The news in the pre-lightening-plus-colour approach at the moment is in the second half of the process—in colour which does not in itself contain peroxide. Who cares? Some hair cares (this is gentle handling). So do some scalps, which find the new process kinder.... For some women, however, the ideal way to blondness is partial blondness: moderate colouring plus a few very blond streaks. How it works is this way: to darkish or partly-grey hair a toning colour (Continued next page)



DAVID BAILEY

BEAUTY BULLETIN

SCENT IS FOR REAL *continued*

It has to say something. It has to say a scent. Anyone can fling roses riotously in a waste-not want-not sort of way. Instead of squandering time with an unscented, surgical-scrub kind of hand-washing, a small bar of something utterly strange and delicious can reel off a shorthand of jasmine, strawberries and cream, wild meadows into the waiting air. In precisely the same amount of time that a Nothing bath takes, a Something bath can pile back invaluable oils onto the whole five-foot-whatever of you, and at the same time, inscribe a precise and delicate message. Plan it all—and perfume and an eau to match can insist on the same scent message later. These will spell out, of course, any message you want if you make up your mind to the fact, remembering that a little goes a short way. In fact in the higher reaches of perfume mathematics it has been figured out that for a perfume to make any dent on the atmosphere, a woman should put on exactly five times as much as she was brought up to do. No, it won't be around a year from Christmas this way, and it shouldn't be. There's the test. If that half-ounce bottle of perfume lasts any longer than two weeks, then the charisma's not for real. And the bareness will be a wasteland, not the boundless new territory of attraction it should be. . . . If the skin is messagy enough, it's no step to silky dressing gown, gloves, jacket made messagy too. . . .

SKIN IS THE STUFF *continued*

this paragon skin-caretaker, who has such a head start on what the fashion for bareness demands of the skin. . . . Now on necks which show—never so beautifully, never so nudely—are going throat creams, throat sticks, firming masques. On backs are going body make-ups, the newest cosmetics, and polish. . . . Legs are being more stringently shaved, special safety razors gliding through one of the gifted new shaving gels. . . . Knees are exercised, bleached, rouged, mouched, prepared for their challenge of today's revelation. . . . Feet have never been more in evidence—smooth, voluptuous, pink and beige feet peering through thong sandals, mother-of-pearl nails on toes as fresh and soft as those of someone a sultan might cast a meaningful eye upon. . . . Décolletage is gleaming and so is the midriff, which, in good condition—strong and tight to the ribs—is a fascinating, undulating bit of beige bareness. . . . Skin is being lit more knowingly. For instance—lit by illumination that draws out flesh tones, skin appears most young and vibrant. Take twilight. Composed largely of red and yellow light, dusk reflects the surface colour as it falls on the skin; summons a look of rosiness. A woman who thinks of everything goes through her house on the eve of a party, replacing every 100-watt bulb with a twilight 25-watt bulb. . . . Most light-bulb makers have several shades of white; one, called "Softlight," by Sylvania has a pearl-pink inside coating, nicely improving to complexions. . . . For task lighting, to help you investigate a pedicure or examine the make-up boundaries, there's Lampette, the high-powered, foldable lamp able to travel in most luggage.

Continued from preceding page; the upshot of bareness in fashion . . . its effect on skin, scent, and the glory of hair

HAIR IS THE ABSOLUTE *continued*

is applied every four weeks—or as the new growth puts in an appearance. The streaking is a separate process; if the streaks are "saved" in foil each time the rest of the hair is toned, they should last for months. By selecting the strands near the face for the streaking process, a hairdresser can add enough blondness where it counts to give the impression of real blondness. . . . The temporary rinses, the semi-permanent rinses, and the colour shampoos are meant to give what one colouring house describes as "just a little fling with your own hair colour." . . . No reliable maker of hair-colouring wants to lure you into a trap by suggesting that you'll turn from dark brown to pale lemon by anything short of the pre-lightening process described above, or the partial colour described thereafter. . . . The rest of the pitch on hair dazzle is, as you know if you've been reading Vogue, a matter of using a conditioner. Even if . . . especially if . . . you use any form of hair colouring. The blonde whose hair is gelatinous or woody or just impossible to comb after it's been washed will find that one quick rinse of an instant hair-conditioner will change all that; and that one of the more penetrating conditioners (twenty to thirty minutes' worth of treatment) will make the hair seem honestly like hair again. . . .

COLOUR BATH FOR HAIR This is hair that's made something of itself—made something of its colour and gloss. How? By the simple process of the right process for the shade that's wanted. In Roux's colouring plan, the *shade* might be Bashful Blonde (it comes closest to the colour shown here), and the *process* most likely the one called Fanci-Tone, a thoroughgoing "permanent" hair colouring. . . .





YOUNG, LYRIC IRISH LIFE

OF THE DESMOND GUINESSES AT LEIXLIP CASTLE AND ITS FOLLY.

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Leixlip Castle is the house of a remarkable young couple, the Honourable Desmond Guinness and the Honourable Mrs. Guinness, whose wisdom and good fortune it is to lead here an exceptionally picturesque and imaginative life. The Castle is the great house of Irish fiction, with its grandiose ground-floor salons and high-ceilinged bedrooms, with hunters and ponies grazing behind park railings, rusty suits of armour in the stables, and geese ranging free over the lawn.

Desmond Guinness bought the Leixlip estate six years ago when he was still in his twenties. Perhaps he was influenced by the fact that the (Continued on page 155)

Left: Marina Guinness, aged seven, driving in front of twelfth-century Leixlip. *Above:* The Honourable Desmond Guinness, at his Folly, an eighteenth-century fishing pavilion, which he is restoring.

YOUNG IRISH LIFE

Right: The Hon. Mrs. Desmond Guinness, wearing a British midshipman's jacket and a plaid skirt, one of the imaginative costumes she occasionally wears, reading on an old officer's trunk in Leixlip's ivy-green entrance hall. On the wall is a Seymour eighteenth-century portrait of The Bloody-Shouldered Arabian, famous ancestor of many thoroughbreds. *Above:* In a corner of the hall, a thoroughly Guinness meeting of objects: a nineteenth-century bicycle, a horse portrait by Wootton, an Irish Chippendale table, a British bugle, and an Albanian pistol given to Mrs. Guinness's father by the late King Zog. *Below:* 1. Patrick Guinness, who is eight years old. 2. Still life with lute, in a window. 3. The castle tower. 4. Gothick window in an upstairs hall. 5. Marina and Patrick, playing in the stair hall. 6. The great leaded window on the stair landing.


1


2


3


4


5


6



YOUNG IRISH LIFE

Right: In the library—a pleasant jumble of toys, shells, papers, folios, flowers—the books, mostly old with fine gilded bindings, were picked up at local auctions. The urn on the mantelpiece is an exquisite example of Waterford glass; the chandelier, Italian. *Above:* 1. Patrick, behind a stack of architectural folios. 2. Detail of gold-and-white plaster cornice in the library. 3. Curiosities in "the Knight's Flat," the suite occupied by Desmond FitzGerald, twenty-ninth Knight of Glin. 4. Patrick and Marina in the park with some of the Guinness horses. 5. Helmet in "King John's Room," where the king, of course, is said to have stayed. 6. In the Gothick Room, with its rampant Gothick barrel organ, the housemaid arranging Leixlip flowers. *Below:* Mr. Guinness with some of his rare eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural folios.



YOUNG IRISH LIFE

Left: In the scarlet-painted drawing room at Leixlip, an eighteenth-century gilt mirror hangs over a marble mantelpiece drifted under with souvenirs, photographs, invitations. The painting to the right of the fireplace may be a Corot. Chintz-covered pillows are heaped on sofas covered in ticking. *Above:* In a corner of the stair hall, a gingham-covered chair, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington standing on an early piano. *Below.* 1. A staircase in Chinese blue, white, and gold. 2. Still life on the dining table: the morning mail, a silver shoe given to Mrs. Guinness as a reminder of one she lost at her wedding. 3. Marina, with her father's black hunter, a foal, and a Connemara pony. 4. Mrs. Guinness, in a guest room where the bed is hung, *à la polonaise*, with antique water-blue silk. 5. A bust of Sir Hercules de Burgh and an early eighteenth-century painting in the drawing room. 6. Detail of the drawing room, including a lustrous collection of shells.



YOUNG IRISH LIFE

Left: Mrs. Guinness wearing a black Irish shawl-cloak, at the dressing table in her room. The stool is Regency; the brilliant abundance of flowers is from Leixlip's gardens. *Above:* In Mrs. Guinness's room, an 1835 "Egyptian" bed stands on a Savonnerie carpet. The engravings of India are nineteenth century. *Below:* Detail of the bed, painted scarlet, black, and gold. Once a possibility for England's recently restored Brighton Pavilion, this delightful extravaganza, rejected, was bought, unseen, by Mr. Guinness.



YOUNG IRISH LIFE

CONTINUED

first of his Guinness ancestors of whom much is known lived in Leixlip village and started a brewery there, after which a son moved on to buy the St. James's Gate Brewery in Dublin which is now world-renowned. But for Desmond Guinness the place has another, deeper appeal.

At Oxford in the 1950's he was one of the self-styled "Last of the Individualists," his Christ Church rooms were decorated with blackamoor statues and Gobelin tapestries, his leopard-skin trousers ("for very informal occasions") were written up in the London newspapers, and he himself edited a gossip column in a university magazine. Then he married and settled down at the age of twenty-two. And receiving no great encouragement—nor having any great wish—to adopt the family profession, he chose instead to take an interest in the Irish past, particularly in Irish Georgian architecture, first as a hobby, but later as an increasing and abiding passion.

Mrs. Guinness, who is known as Mariga, has an even more colourful background than her husband: less of a background than a panorama of the great Europe that was—and, in spite of all forecasts to the contrary, still obstinately is.

Born Princess Marie-Gabrielle of Urach-Württemberg, she springs from a former ruling German family—whose palace of Ludwigsburg is the largest baroque palace left standing in Germany. Her grandfather, son of the first Duke of Urach, married the Duchess Amalie in Bavaria, and was offered, but declined, the Throne of Albania—a white elephant fairly frequently passed around among German princes in his day. Her father, Prince Albrecht of Urach-Württemberg, was brought up before the First World War with the prospect of succeeding to the Principality of Monaco. But Fate, aided by President Wilson, decided otherwise. Her mother was Scottish, of partly Norwegian extraction, and one of her quite recent maternal ancestresses was a Lapp.

As a result of all which Mrs. Guinness has relatives widely sprinkled over Europe, owns a wooden house in a Norwegian valley, went to Oxford University where she met her future husband, and is now mistress of a castle in Ireland, where she seems completely at home.

Habitually Leixlip's white-painted Gothick front door is left wide open, and visitors, invited and uninvited, walk straight into the dark-green, stone-flagged hall.

The name Leixlip is a corruption of the Norse for Salmon's Leap, from a once-celebrated waterfall near by, now embedded deep beneath an electric power dam. The castle was built as a fortress to keep the Irish down a few years after the Anglo-Norman conquest. For generations it was in the gift of the English Crown. But after eight centuries it seems as indigenous as the silver of the sunlight, the smell of turf-smoke rising from the village, and the swirl of the weed-striped Liffey in the lush valley below. The Guinnesses came to know and love Leixlip, since, for all its early mediaeval exterior, it had been elegantly remodelled inside in Georgian times.

Mrs. Guinness was the first to move in—with five hundred and forty books, a mattress, and a gun. And since that day the Guinnesses have devoted themselves to restoring, furnishing, and decorating Leixlip—not only because it is a paradise of a house for their two children to grow up in, for themselves to live in and work in, and for their friends and friends' friends to stay in—but also, as they see it, for the greater glory of the contrary, unpredictable Ireland that they love.

No one needs telling that the Republican Irish of today are unenthusiastic about anything that reminds them of English rule. But the modern Irish have a genuine penchant for the foreign tourist, English or otherwise, as a source of income. And Mr. Guinness has set himself to convince them that the decaying town and country houses of the old Ascendancy—unrivalled for splendid eccentricity by almost anything in England—may be turned to the advantage of the present-day Irish tourist industry, if only the finer examples are renovated before they crumble into dust.

For his self-appointed task Mr. Guinness has a prime asset. His family name is as Irish as the bog. Successive Guinnesses, too, have been noted benefactors to Dublin for two centuries; and their brewery is still of unique value to the Irish economy as a whole.

Mr. Guinness has other, national and personal assets. He is a first-class horseman, hunts with the 'Killing Kildare,' and this year, with his neighbour, Miss Diana Connolly-Carew of Castletown, won two out of four double events in local hunter-trials. He combines aesthetic tastes inherited from his father, the second Lord Moyne, a patron of the arts since his youth, with public spirit inherited from his grandfather, misguidedly assassinated in Cairo in 1944 when he was Churchill's Resident Minister in the Middle East. Mr. Guinness has also inherited fair-haired, blue-eyed good looks from his mother, perhaps the most beautiful and most extraordinary of all of the five Mitford sisters—that startling burst of human comets whose beauty, talents, and vagaries have marked at least a corner of the twentieth-century sky. He takes no part in politics—conceivably his mother's second marriage—to Sir Oswald Mosley—may have constituted a deterrent. But his seriousness is, in any case, all for other things.

Circumspect as well as enterprising, he has the kind of shyness that paradoxically acts as a form of persuasion. His achievements up to date are impressive of their kind. Almost single-handed, he has revived the defunct Irish Georgian Society, the aims of which are to awaken interest in Ireland's heritage of eighteenth-century architecture, to fight campaigns for its preservation, to arrange exhibitions and expeditions, and to record and if possible find uses for architectural features in danger of neglect and decay. He is at work on no less than three books on his chosen subject: revising a classic for one publisher; writing a vol- (Continued on page 167)

Opposite: Marina and Patrick Guinness, playing among huge stone ornaments collected by Mr. Guinness to use in his Irish restorations.

HORST

It's a brigade of silver cups, polished for inspection, stacked the way we like to see them, and struck by light. With a look that is stubbornly simple, uncompromisingly cool, these silver cups, in ten patterns from seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and twentieth-century designs, work in groups, in twos, or alone. Here, in space-saving shafts at the bar, they are ready for the gamut of drinks —from Martinis to eggnogs. Elsewhere in the house, unstacked, they could just as effectively hold breadsticks, make-up brushes, clusters of anemones, peppermint sticks, vivid Japanese pencils, or miniature parlor palms in small pots.

---

1. Sterling silver highball cup, $46; on top, an on-the-rocks cup, $36; both at Tiffany. 2. Child's cup in heavy silver plate, by Oneida. $5.23, at Macy's. 3. Sterling reproduction of a late seventeenth-century American beaker cup, by Lunt. $25 each, at Georg Jensen. 4. Sterling cocktail cups, by Reed & Barton. $6.75 each, at Macy's. 5. In sterling, contemporary English octagonal cups for highballs. $105 each, at Tiffany. 6. Rounded cocktail cups in sterling, by Gorham. Set of eight, $80, at Plummer McCutcheon. 7. Child's sterling cups, for punch, by Towle. $22, at Macy's. 8. Highball cups by International Sterling, $24.50 each, at Georg Jensen. 9. Antique sterling, gilt-lined beakers made in Dublin in 1767. Set of three, $1,200, at James Robinson. 10. Silver-plated highball cups, by Wallace. $6.95, at Mayer Silverware. 11. On-the-rocks cups by International Sterling, $18.50 each, at Georg Jensen.

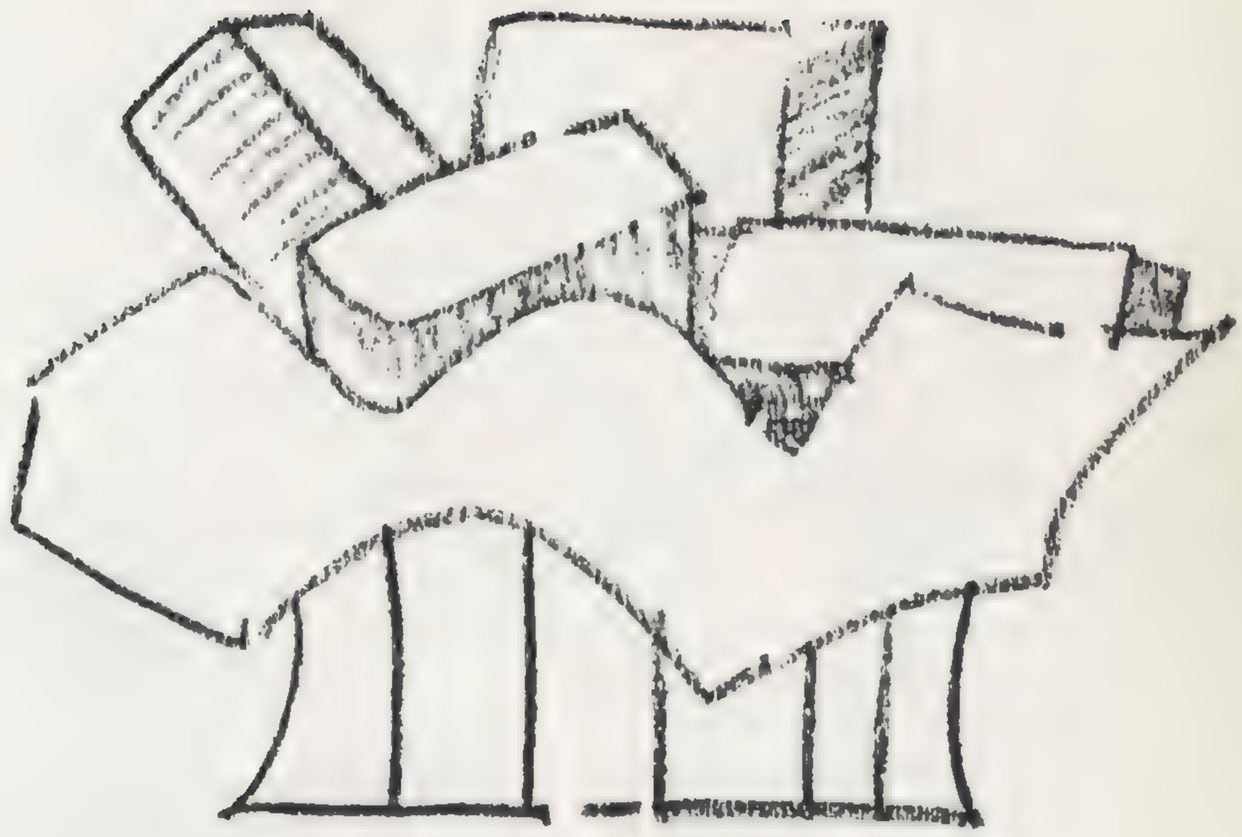
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8
7
9
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VOGUE'S OWN MENU



SUNDAY DINNER WITH THE CHILDREN

FOR SIX TO EIGHT

TOMATO SOUP

ROAST BEEF

CORN BREAD*

PEAS
disguised in purée

SALAD

KOSSUTH CAKE*

THE DRINK:
MILK FOR THEM
SCOTCH AND SODA FOR YOU



Who comes to lunch every Sunday? Who comes ravenous and ready—and with a critical faculty that is nothing short of awesome?

The children. Your own, with their sturdy vocal rules on how everything should be cooked: No curry, no oysters, no rum, none of that Stuff. "Stuff," of course, is anything unfamiliar and therefore not to be trusted.

This good meal goes along with their act without losing the adults' attention . . . and ends with a wonderful, somewhat sickening dessert invented in Baltimore in honour of General Kossuth.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CORN BREAD

FOR SIX TO EIGHT PEOPLE

1 cup yellow cornmeal
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup boiling water
4 eggs, separated
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons baking powder

Mix the cornmeal, sugar, salt, butter, and boiling water. Stir and let stand over night.

In the morning, beat the egg yolks in the milk, add to the cornmeal mixture. Add also the flour and the baking powder and mix thoroughly.

Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold gently in the cornmeal mixture. Pour into a shallow, buttered baking dish. Place in a preheated 350° oven for about 25 minutes.

THE SNAPPER: Soufflé bread.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

KOSSUTH CAKE

FOR SIX TO EIGHT PEOPLE

4 squares Baker's chocolate
1½ cups sugar
4 cups water
2 eight-inch square sponge cakes
1 quart vanilla ice cream

First make the chocolate sauce: bring water, sugar, and chocolate to a boil, stir constantly until blended. Reduce heat drastically—or the mixture will boil over. Simmer for 3½ to 4 hours until the sauce is very thick. Soften ice cream slightly and spread between the two layers of the sponge cake. Pour the chocolate sauce over all.

THE SNAPPER: Never-fail chocolate sauce.

PEKING TO PARIS

(Continued from page 127)

"The day of the race broke grey and cloudy: a menacing day it was . . . 'Take your seats!' calls the Prince.

" 'Ready?'

"The voices of the crowd are pitched a tone higher. A hundred cameras are raised for a moment above our heads. . . .

"The flag descends.

"A great bursting of petards and squibs; and amid these war-sounds we move. We are off!

"The band, marching before us. rouses the echoes to a martial song. Cavalry officers ride on either side of us. The crowd follows us shouting, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Friendly voices call out our names. . . . And now the band ceases from playing, and draws to one side. Nothing more holds us back. . . .

"We crossed quaint villages, noisy and sordid, and crowded with a half-naked population; the summer costume of the indigent Chinaman being often limited to a pair of short breeches and a fan. We had to cross little rustic bridges, like those with which the wealthy Chinese ornament their gardens. . . . Through the mist we could already catch a glimpse of a few dim, scattered heights, crowned by the characteristic outlines of Chinese pagodas. . . ."

THROUGH THE GREAT WALL

"From now onwards the public road and the bed of the torrent which descends from the Nankow Pass are one and the same thing. There are nothing but broken pieces of stone, boulders, sand, and pools. We had to stop and wait for our men. They arrived, running, excited, to take possession of this *chi-cho*.

"Our means of traction for the car were a Chinese crew and three willing beasts. The Peking Transport Company, after promising to provide us with four mules at Nankow, had sent us only *one* mule, an old horse, and a small white donkey.

"Ettore, alone upon his machine, swallowed up in the folds of a limitless mackintosh cloak,

(Continued on page 160)

Hazel, turn the lamp down
. . . no, not that much
. . . there, that's just right!



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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH, WEST AND CANADA

STIFFEL

PEKING TO PARIS

(Continued from page 159)

held the wheel, and gave his orders by hooting the horn of the car. One hoot, forward; two hoots, halt. . . . Surely no more odd cortege than this can have ever filed through the narrow passes of the Chinese Great Wall! . . ."

THE MONGOLIAN PLAINS

"We left Kalgan this morning. We are now, at 8.00 A.M., crossing the Mongolian frontier. . . .

"The last feverish preparations began. The definite arrangement of our luggage was a very long and difficult operation. On the grass were scattered furs, biscuit boxes, bags, and ropes. All things not strictly necessary were given to the coolies [now leaving us]: camp-beds, mattresses, empty cans. Beside the load of the tanks, we carried with us a supplementary provision of oil and benzine, bundles of tires, and food for ten days. The luggage had to be spread over the back seat as well. We agreed to travel all three of us on the fore part of the car, two on the seat and the third man at their feet, on the floor with his legs on the step. The position was not very comfortable, but we were to take it in turns. . . .

"There were moments when we were running at a speed of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. Never had Mongolia been traversed so swiftly. We would have outdone even the famous coursers of Genghis Khan. . . ."

IN A MONGOLIAN YURTA

"It must have been about eight in the morning when we arrived in the neighbourhood of a little group of *yurtas*, a regular little encampment. There were some men on the lookout upon a sort of scaffolding, and they gave the alarm. Then followed a confused crowd running towards the road. We recognized among them a good Mongolian chief we had met the day before, clad in his gorgeous purple robe. This was his village.

"A moment later we were sitting in a circle in a most beautiful *yurta*, that of the chief.

"In the centre was a lighted fire, and its acrid smoke, slightly perfumed with musk, went up through the central opening of the cupola. A fine old man, the father of our friend, entertained us ceremoniously, and an old woman, his mother, placed respectfully before us dishes of cheese, bowls of sour milk and cream, cups of smoking tea, and glasses full of a sweet, clear liquor made with fermented milk. The glasses, of a European make, had been taken out with the most jealous care from a little Chinese cupboard of which the old man kept the key: that was the family safe. We saw in it tins of corned beef presented by us the day before. . . ."

CROSSING THE GOBI DESERT

"We were now upon the threshold of the real desert.

"*Gobi*, in Mongolian, means a cavity. The desert is an immense depression which once held a sea. A steep descent of twenty or thirty yards launched us on these hard, flat sands which had once known sea-storms. We began a fantastic race across the strangest and most desolate landscape.

"Gradually, as we advanced, the earth became more bare, more squalid, more sad; there was no form of life on it, except certain little lizards of a colour so like that of the earth that they became invisible the moment they stopped.

"The hours succeeded one another with a deadly monotony. The heat with the advancing day became more burning. We were passing from the coolness of the morning to a tropical temperature, without intermediate zones. We noticed a curious phenomenon: the sun was absolutely burning, yet the shade was still cold. The sky was of an inexorable limpidity.

"This terrible transparency was due to the entire absence of vapour in the atmosphere. The dryness of the air began to cause us a suffering which increased every moment. Our skin was parched as with fever, and the

NOTE: ***Through an unfortunate error the name of Lesley Blanch, the author of "The Star of Venus, the Tunisian House of the Leo d'Erlangers," in the November 1 issue was omitted. The editors of Vogue are deeply sorry.***

sun beat so hotly on our hands and faces that it was as if there was centred upon us the most powerful light of an immeasurable lens. . . . By this time we neither would nor could stop. The only relief we could get we got by speed.

"The most cruel part of the desert is about forty miles long. Caravans always try to cross it on a single march. They fill their barrels and skins with water at the last wells, and they start by the light of the stars. The road they follow is now marked by whitening bones. The two caravan halting-places at either end of this zone are marked by an enormous quantity of *obos*.

"The *obo* is perhaps the first kind of altar that humanity ever erected. It consists of a heap of stones. At the foot of every *obo* were little strips of paper with prayers written in Tibetan characters, or little flags discoloured by time also bearing traces of sacred writings. The Mongolian people have a poetical superstition, by which they believe that the wind in waving that paper and those flags shakes the written prayer out of them and bears it up to Buddha. . . .

"As the day advanced, the heat grew more and more. Our faces swelled and cracked. We could not bear upon them even the light touch of a handkerchief. We had the sensation of being slowly baked.

"We raced after the endless line of telegraph poles in a kind of dream. . . ."

CRACK-UP IN SIBERIA

"We came to an old wooden bridge which had the irregularities and the carelessness of a temporary construction.

"The car was drawing near to the inviting grassy bank on the other side. Every danger seemed over. . . . Suddenly we heard a frightful crash. . . .

"The engine was silent. The car, at the same moment in which it stopped, fell in backwards with a sudden heavy movement, and knocked its body on the broken edges of the planks. With the slowness of some uncouth, great animal, the car had accomplished a kind of backward somersault. . . .

"The next instant I was under the bridge in sudden and ominous shadow, catching on to the ropes of the luggage. . . . The part destined to hold the oil, under the feet of the driver, was now above my head, flooding me with warm oil.

"Fortunately one heaven-sent construction-beam had stopped the car in its slow overturning. I heard just above me cries of pain coming from Prince Borghese. At that moment Ettore appeared at my side. . . .

"He caught me up with great strength under my arms and pulled me out of the trap. We all three found ourselves on our feet, each asking the other how he had fared. . . .

"Prince Borghese, at the moment of the sinking of the car, had turned around, taking hold of a beam, and had remained thus suspended in mid-air until the machine, turning over on its back, had come to rest actually on his shoulders. He was thus jammed between the beam and the engine of the car. With the strength which comes to men

(Continued on page 162)



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PEKING TO PARIS

(Continued from page 161)

sometimes at a crisis, he somehow raised the car for an instant and freed himself. He quietly expressed his opinion that he must have broken some of his ribs.

"Ettore had only a few scratches; he had remained at his post of driver, hanging on to the wheel.

"I had received some mysterious injury from my fall. I could no longer lift my legs properly. For a fortnight I still moved with great difficulty. . . . My face was peeled here and there, I know not why or how; I only mention the fact because it seems useful to say that the machine oil served most excellently to heal the skin. . . ."

ON THE RAILS, IN SIBERIA

"We advanced along the rails. The stationmaster was expecting two trains. . . . At another level-crossing, a keeper came out making signs. When he came up within speaking distance, he cried out to us—

" 'Leave the rails! The train is coming, it has left Tankoy.'

"The car tried to come out near the signalman's little house, but the wheels became embedded and all the efforts of the motor were powerless to move the heavy car. We heard the whistle of the approaching train. With some old sleepers, piled beside the line, the men feverishly tried to make a little inclined plane to help the wheels to come out of their holes. We heard the roaring of the train, and we saw its smoke in the distance. . . . One joint and powerful shove brought the car out of the place where it had sunk, and out of danger. We let the train pass. It was a lowly goods train, absolutely unworthy of the honour of running over us.

RUSSIA, AT LAST

"When we came out from the woods we looked out at last upon European land; everywhere, among the green, rose villages, Tartar and Christian, with minarets and belfries, crescents and crosses. Nothing spoke any longer around us of past struggles.

"Each village has its own customs, kept up unaltered through centuries. This was the season of haymaking. Among the high grasses and the ripening harvest were red, yellow, white clothes, curious women's headdresses like mitres, covered with embroidery; beautiful silver-braided garments, necklaces of coins, golden waistbands, silk sashes. In this crowd of colours gleamed whole lines of sickles with a slow, even motion. We heard the echoes of songs. . . ."

TRIUMPH AT MOSCOW

"At the boundaries of the Muscovite territory, we see a crowd around motorcars in a line. These are the first big cars that we have seen since we left Peking. They have come to meet us. From and round them is roused a loud salute—Hurrah!

"At two o'clock we continue our way, followed by all the motorcars. Here it is *we* who represent the barbarians, dirty as we are, covered with dust and with mud, travelling on a rough, dull car also coated with mud, while behind us there is a shining of aristocratic motorcars, over which blow summer toilettes, all fresh and festive. . . .

"Suddenly there appears upon the horizon our first vision of Moscow. It is a sparkling of gold domes over a white, diaphanous expanse of buildings; an amazing apparition. . . .

"What is happening? A great crowd appears down the street. It is all the workmen running out of the factories by hundreds and thousands, both men and women. The windows are all crowded.

"When we come close to them, we understand. A formidable hurrah receives us. This is the salute of the people, rung out by the great voice of the multitude. In the public trams the passengers stand up and wave their caps. Coachmen and omnibus conductors, the very policemen, salute us.

"Prince Borghese, full of surprise, murmurs,

" 'But what is it, after all, that we have done?' . . ."



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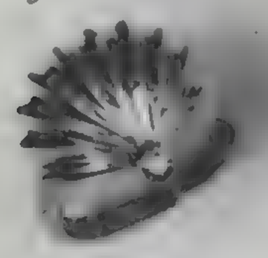
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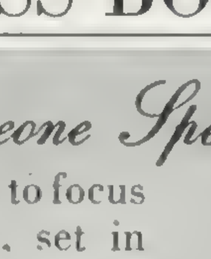
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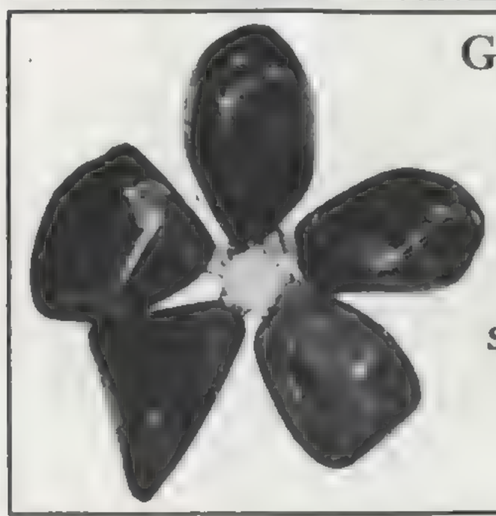
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

More tiger in the tank

Last issue we pointed out that perfume is to fashion what fuel is to a car. And this point we made—and we make again—for a reason. The time of presents-choosing and presents-receiving is upon us. So, therefore, is the time of refuelling a wardrobe of fragrance with more of same . . . and recharging an adored perfume with its soap-through-cologne colleagues. . . . Here are eight more great scents to give or receive—plus news of reinforcements standing by.

Perfume be nimble, perfume be quick

Wanded: A scent that can be applied as nimbly as lipstick. One storied charmer presents itself in such a wand this year—Écusson, the sixteenth-century formula of the provocative Jeanne d'Albret. (Presumably helped by it, she became the mother of Henri IV.) In a diminutive Lalique purse flacon, this exquisite mélange, by Jean d'Albret, of Portuguese tuberoses and a stirring assortment of other attars is ready now for inclusion in hand-sized evening bags. Larger editions of the same flacon accommodate larger amounts. Écusson perfume mist, cologne, and toilet water are, in this case, the corroborators.



A clear-cut-crystal hint

Although the bottling of perfumes is not our business here, there is something, indeed lots, to be said for the invitation a bottle might issue to keep its owner alertly perfumed. And if the bottle shown, right, doesn't issue such a one, doesn't reach out and say, "Use me, you vixen, inordinately," there's an incorrigibly hardhearted woman at the dressing table. A cut-crystal decanter designed by the famous Lalique—even signed by Lalique—it holds here Nina Ricci's new-to-this-country Capricci, a scent as delicately compelling as its housing. Capricci augmentation to be investigated: toilet water, bath oil, dusting powder, spray, and a very pretty sachet.





Hello, Fête

For some time now, word of it has been arriving by every jet, been breathed daily over our hot line from Paris. Now it's here, and greetings to it. Fête by Molyneux is, above all, an elegant perfume, a complex achievement that sophisticated Frenchwomen have been snapping up at first sniff. . . . To list its strange and wonderful ingredients would be to press our printers into untimely rebellion; suffice it to say: Fête is green, fruity, floral, and animal all at once. . . . So far: in perfume, eau de toilette, perfume atomizer.

"If you can't dance a flamenco . . ."

"If you can't dance a flamenco, you're not with it," said an authority on with-it-ness recently—and there is no question that the passion for things Spanish is at a *cima* right now. To implement all this is a scent addressed directly to Spanish women: Maja by Myrurgia. Rose and jasmine oils with mossy-chypre, Maja can be found in perfume, cologne, bath oil, a spray mist. The marvellous Maja soap is known for its Spanish olive oil additive. (This bit should not spoil a Maja-owner's fun; Maja means in Spanish "lovely lady." Myrurgia means in ancient Greek "the art of perfumery.")



Perfume on prescription

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(Continued next page)

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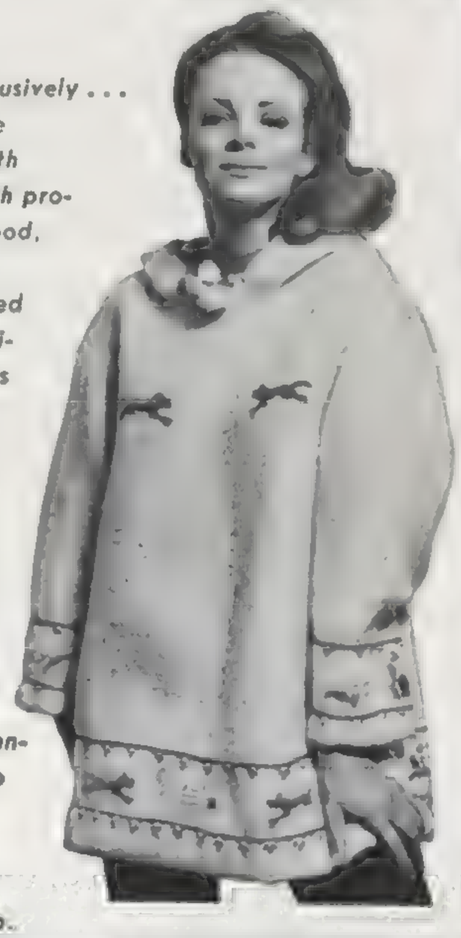
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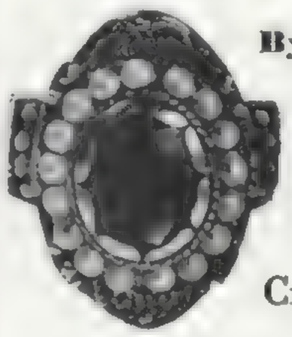
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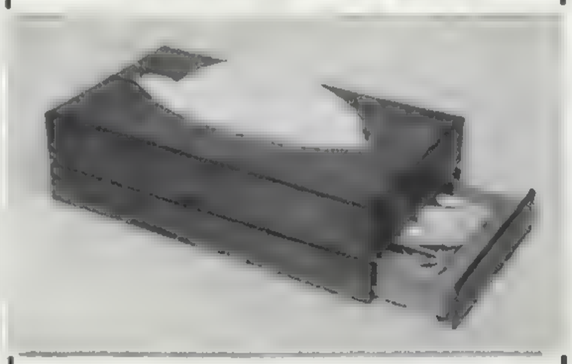
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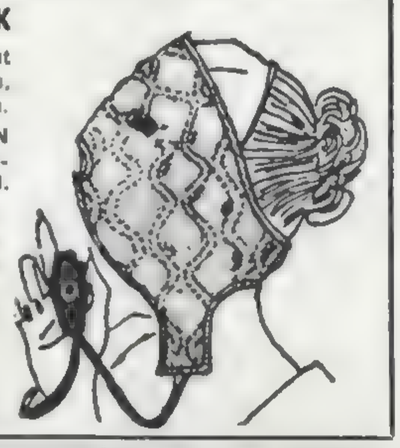
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(Continued from page 155)

ume on Dublin for a second; and editing a massive work on the seventeenth, eighteen, and nineteenth centuries for a third.

He has offered free paint to any Leixlip householder willing to use a touch of cheerful colour on the village's trim and façades. He has instigated a communal cleaning-up against unspeakable local imponderables.



THE DUBLIN HOUSE MR. GUINNESS IS RESTORING ON ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST SPLENDID AND DERELICT SQUARES.

But his favourite project at present is the repair by local craftsmen of the most breathtakingly peculiar of all Ireland's Follies: a 140-foot obelisk, mounted on two tiers of lofty arches erected in the open hayfields by the widow of Speaker Connolly of Castletown to close her finest vista and to give work to her tenants during the exceptionally hard winter of 1740. And Mr. Guinness has actually persuaded the Irish Government to contribute substantially to this restoration.

In his architectural activities Mr. Guinness is admirably supported by his wife. There is a chair for her beside his own at the drawing-room table where he sometimes deals with the Irish Georgian Society's correspondence. She often goes with him on his journeys of discovery, and does her best to take photographs, which he is apt to describe in a consciously husbandly and unconsciously Irish phrase as "generally upside-down."

One might be tempted to describe Mrs. Guinness's features as Northern Renaissance, were it not that hers is the type of face that ignores frontiers and spans centuries, suggesting memories of a Dürer, but equally of a Degas. Her gestures are often almost comically stylized. There is about her whole person something of the hieratic quality that princes share with peasants.

Laughter comes more readily to her than a smile, and seems more like a by-product of sound intellect than a sign of insouciance or lightness of heart. Her English is assured, precise, and mildly pedantic. But there is nothing crushing about her conversation, or adamant in her glance. On the contrary, there is a touching vagueness about her reactions to everyday life, as though she had eternally just been wakened from sleep. She lost one of her shoes as she walked up the aisle at her wedding—an event commemorated by a wedding present of a silver shoe that now decorates the dining-room table.

Like many young twentieth-century women of her kind, she is a sympathetic, unprecedented blend of the *grande dame* and the beatnik. Travelling in the Cork Express, she fades into the contemporary, classless background, with her black shoes and stockings, and navy-blue mackintosh, and a scarf on her head. But for a quiet dinner at home she may very well appear in a long black dress, a black ostrich boa, and a black headpiece with pearls, à la Empress Elisabeth of Austria, who was a close relation of her grandmother.

Mrs. Guinness bids for old Reboux hats at auctions, and is capable of buying an ancient embroidered dress, wearing it at a party, and not caring too much when it comes dramatically apart. She keeps her clothes mostly in the attic, and uses them indiscriminately for dressing and for dressing-up.

She makes no audible fuss over her son and daughter. But she has provided them with the perfect modern Irish nanny: caustic but kind, factual, humorous, and understanding.

If memory is a guide, Patrick and Marina Guinness have everything to make country-bred children happy: ponies, bicycles, a stream of odd houseguests, old and young, and endless liberty

(Continued on page 168)

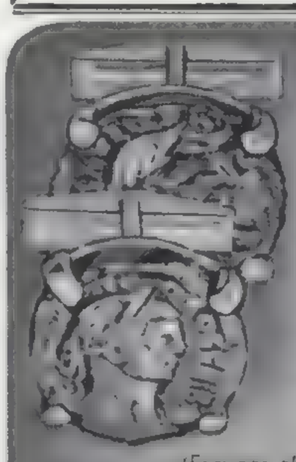
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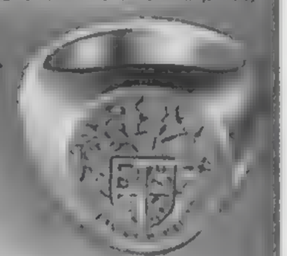


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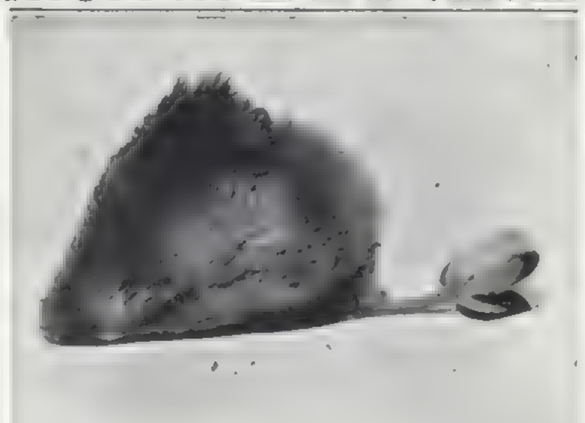
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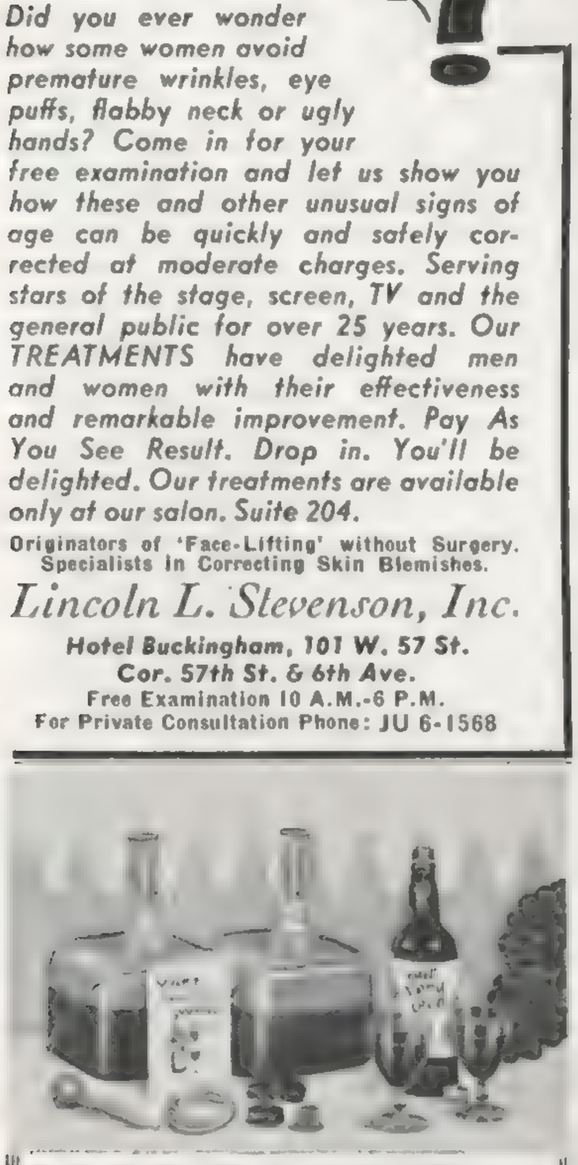
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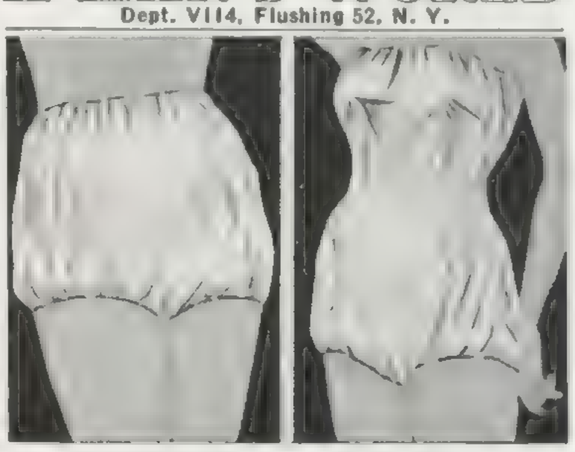
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YOUNG IRISH LIFE

(Continued from page 167)

from perceptible supervision. Perhaps as a result, they are not only as captivatingly pretty as any two children in a conversation piece, but devoid of either rudeness or precocity, often beguilingly communicative, but even more often mercifully self-contained. Their father—who has his moments of Irish temper—actually likes to have them near him when he opens his correspondence. They hang over him, politely curious about the letters' contents. but much more interested in the occasional foreign stamp.

When Desmond Guinness bought Leixlip, the Castle was empty. He has made no attempt to fill it all at once. As yet, there are no curtains in the yellow-panelled dining room, where one breakfasts whenever one chooses, has tea with the children, and lunches and dines beside one's own individual bottle of good red wine. The little staircase leading to the owners' bedroom in the round tower has its walls painted Chinese blue, and gold, and white; but its treads are still bare boards. And whoever has the fortune to occupy the circular bedroom on the tower's top storey—a room hung with a fine, early nineteenth-century monochrome French-painted wallpaper, retrieved from a derelict house in Dublin—will find nowhere but the windowsills to lay his clothes.

In the adjoining bathroom, cut into the crude stonework of the tower, there is no space for more than a diminutive, split-level sitz bath. But for the eye, the place has charms, for its walls were imaginatively painted by Prince Albrecht of Urach-Württemberg on a recent visit.

As for furniture, the Guinnesses, rather than be satisfied even temporarily with the second-best, are patiently picking up whatever they take a liking to in other great houses doomed to destruction, or at local sales. Their taste is frankly for the majestic. Lesser pieces would be swamped in Leixlip's vastness.

They have a correspondingly courageous and luxurious colour sense. From the dark-green hall one passes into the pink-beige Gothick room, crosses the white-and-gold library and the scarlet-walled drawing room into the lofty staircase-hall, painted orange with a touch of blood-red. On all sides, the mellow skies and foliage of immense eighteenth-century Irish landscapes with architecture. and outdoor conversation pieces, strike vibrant chords of colour with the painted walls.

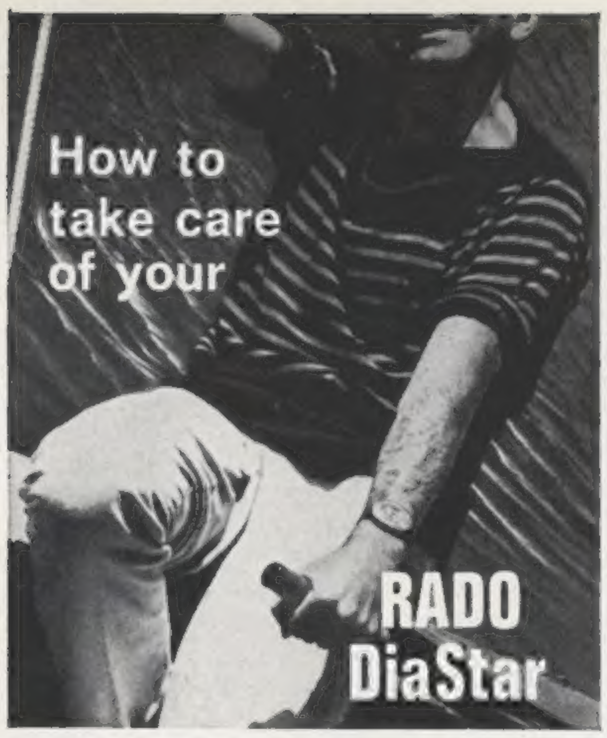
In many of the bedrooms the beds are formidable four-posters, with rich canopies and curtains. In the Guinnesses' room there is a glowing Savonnerie carpet; and there is a fine but worn Aubusson in almost every other sizable room in the castle. Over-lifesize stone or plaster classical heads line the hall floor, the library cornices, and the landing on the main stairs. Marble busts of Anglo-Irish great men stand on old Broadwood pianos serving as tables.

Musical instruments abound. In the Gothick room alone, there are a modern clavecin for Desmond Guinness to play on; a lute and a mandolin among the geraniums and primulas in a window embrasure, and a varnished Victorian-Gothick barrel-organ that can still grind out "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen."

There are square yards of horse-portraiture in the hall, shoals of baroque seashells on shelves and tables, coveys of stuffed exotic birds in glass-cases. And everywhere great bouquets of flowers from Leixlip's walled garden explode with the balanced abandon of masterpieces of the Dutch School.

But Leixlip is pre-eminently one of those houses where conscious decoration yields and fades before the unconscious tide of a vivid daily life. One remembers countless unpremeditated details: pamphlets and photographs stacked on desks and pianos and consoles, invitations

December Vogue—an issue of Wonders



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) S. I. Newhouse Jr., Publisher.

stuffed behind pictures and ornaments on chimneypieces, tables heaped with letters addressed to a dozen past or future houseguests—their cumulative effect as suggestive as an unbrushed curl or two on the nape of an imperial statue, or leaves piling up as the wind drifts them in a formal garden.

Desmond and Mariga Guinness are by now firmly rooted in Leixlip. But they are far too young and too modern to vegetate in the classic Irish fashion. For a part of each of the last two summers they have made a mutual exchange of houses with the owner of Italy's world-famous Palladian villa, La Malcontenta, where they alternately delighted and scandalized the staid arbiters of Venetian society by their Irish disregard for forms and hours, and the unconventional appearance of their more casual guests.

At Leixlip, too, their guests tend to be fairly remarkable people. Many are fellow Irish enthusiasts for Georgian building, like Desmond FitzGerald, the twenty-ninth hereditary Knight of Glin, who has his own private apartments, known as "the Knight's Flat," in a part of the castle complex, but who is this winter at Harvard presenting his Ph.D. thesis on Irish eighteenth-century architecture. Others, from further afield, are tempted by Ireland's reputation and remoteness, and, from their arrival, fall under its spell.

A typical summer Sunday brought, among others, two of Long Island's more awe-inspiring hostesses, the literary editor of a London newspaper, a County Kildare baronet, and two young men who were practising for a top-hatted costumed cricket-match. Most of them were cajoled into bumping through the fields to the Leixlip Water Sports that included, in gallant defiance of rain and wind, an epically interminable display of water-skiing in aid of the Catholic Church.

That same weekend, too, was made memorable by the mid-dinner arrival of the Honourable Lucinda Lambton. Miss Lambton, a representative of one of nineteenth-century England's better-known Whig families, looks at first deceptively like a model for Millais or Holman Hunt. She aids the deception by wearing a sweeping, white-lace dressing-gown at breakfast, an equally sweeping white-lace evening dress at dinner.

She numbers among her accomplishments an unusual ability to outsing the recorded voice of Maria Callas, for short stretches, in the rôle of Lucia di Lammermoor. And she can play charmingly on the guitar.

But all ancestry, appearances and musical accomplishments notwithstanding, she would prefer to be regarded as a photographer—and, at the age of twenty-one, she happens to be one of the most talented and successful photographers in England.

She is collaborating with Desmond Guinness on one of his architectural books. At every mealtime, her prints and transparencies littered and enlivened the Leixlip dining-room table.

There may be moments when Desmond Guinness will drily remark that, "Here it always seems to be this weekend or the next." But he and his wife are selfless in their efforts to ensure that their visitors shall see everything of interest that the countryside has to offer. Both, too, are capable of that ultimate refinement of hospitality that consists in sitting down and getting on with their own occupations in the middle of a crowded drawing room of guests.

It seems only a fitting reward that they should actually have a lesser Folly of their own to rehabilitate.

Overhanging the water at the foot of the hill, past a dank coppice carpeted with ivy and gleaming laurel, shadowed by alder and beech, are the remains of a mid-eighteenth-century fishing pavilion and boat-house. To the Guinnesses it is a creative challenge, all the more alluring

(Continued on page 170)

Wonders for the Christmas eye
December Vogue

This is a perfume for wood.
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YOUNG IRISH LIFE

(Continued from page 169)

for being so close at hand. And having found an eighteenth-century drawing of the pavilion in its prime, they plan to restore it accurately, and cap it, as it was once capped, with a green copper roof.

Already it seems alive in their imagination. Any time now, they will bring their guests there, or themselves disappear there, to sit in its alcoves and look at the Liffey and the Ryewater, meeting just below and flowing on towards the sea. . . .

Clearly, there is no obligation for everyone to fall in love with Ireland. And though the virtues of eighteenth-century architecture may be impressive, there is no necessity to make it the passion of one's life. But one would scarcely be human if one failed to be thankful for those happy few who, like the owners of Leixlip, having once caught the echo of any phrase of the past's unaccountable music, can not resist the impulse to let others share its beauty with them.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Backviews, sizes, yardages of Patterns on pages 108-109)



6000



1345

Left: Long blue brocade dress. Vogue Pattern 6000. Wool, silk, acrylic (Onondaga fabric). Altman's. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Price: $2. In Canada, $2.20.

Right: Long yellow brocade dress. Vogue Paris Original Model 1345. Abraham fabric: rayon, acetate, and wool. At Lord & Taylor. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 5½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. $3.50. In Canada, $3.85.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

The small-bodied dress, page 13



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

One of the new subtleties of shape accomplished here in pettipoint wool. The closing: a new curve of interest. In lime, strawberry, pale blue. 6 to 14. About $70.

Jewelry by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman by Vendome.

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Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Atlantic City, N. J.....Homberger's
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.....Gus Mayer
Beaumont, Texas.....Gus Mayer
Boston, Mass.....Chas. Sumner
Buffalo, N. Y.....Wm. Hengerer & Co.
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Charleston, W. Va.....Peck's, Inc.
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Pickett's
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Denver Colo.....Montaldo's
Durham, N. C.....Montaldo's
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Fall River, Mass.....Arline Booth
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